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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

BY A GRAVE.

Father, father, here I linger;
Years have passed since last I came
Thus to trace, with faltering finger,
On this stone your vanished name;
That dear name—what dear lips told it
Once—that name now named by none
But by those—how few!—who hold it
Dear as I, your lonely son.

Father, father, I am yearning
That long-vanished form to see,
That face that is but returning
Dim, as in a dream to me;
Few the years that dear face blessed me,
Ere it awed my childish sight,
Father, no more to caress me,
From its coffin, calm and white.

Then but as a child I wept you;
Deeply as a child's heart can,
In its love my child's heart kept you,
But no more than now I'm man.
Not as much! Oh early pined for,
Father, o'er whose grave I bow,
See, with tears these eyes are blind for
Those dear eyes that see me now.

Yes, that see me; oh, but dearer,
But more loved as years depart,
Has not death but drawn us nearer,
Ever closer, heart to heart!
Still amid day's thoughts, night's dreaming,
I have seemed to feel you near,
Guiding, guarding, to my seeming,
Me, your child, who mourn you here.

Yes, while here your dust is sleeping,
Oh, pure soul, these lips would kiss!
You are in some far world keeping
Watch o'er those you loved in this;
Still my evil thoughts controlling,
Joying in my earthly joy,
I have felt you, grief consoling,
Warning, strengthening me, your boy.

Oh, from empty space before me,
Father, dear, that you might start!
Might now bend that dear face o'er me,
And look love into my heart!
But not to these eyes, while living,
Shall that blessed lost look come;
No more words to mine are giving
Those loved lips for ever dumb.

Shall I not hereafter know you,
Oh, my father, yet again!
Yes, to these eyes death shall show you
When I leave life's joy and pain;
With the bliss of those long parted,
Oh, how cherished, oh, how sweet,
Is the thought that then glad-hearted,
Father, father, we shall meet.

☞ The late Duke of Queensbury, leaning over the balcony of his beautiful villa at Richmond, where every pleasure was collected which wealth could purchase or luxury devise, followed with his eyes the majestic Thames, winding through groves and buildings of various loveliness, and exclaimed, "Oh that wearisome river! it will never cease running, running, and I so tired of it?" —*Remains of Mrs R. Trench.*

☞ It is not easy to understand why public singers should have any objection to *encores.* Is not every *encore* a gain?

☞ No one learns to think by getting rules for thinking, but by getting materials for thought.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "The Channings," "East Lynne," "The Earl's Heirs," "A Life's Secret," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

BROTHER JARRUM.

By the light of a single tallow candle which flared aloft on a shelf in Peckaby's shop, consecrated in more prosperous days to wares, but bare now, a large collected assemblage was regarding each other, with looks of eager interest. There could not have been less than thirty present, all crammed together in that little space of a few feet square. The first comers had taken their seats on the counters; the others stood as they could. Two or three men, just returned from their day's labor were there; but the crowd was chiefly composed of the weaker sex.

The attention of these people was concentrated on a little man who faced them, leaning against the wall at the back of the shop, and holding forth in a loud, persuasive tone. If you object to the term "holding forth," you must blame Mrs. Duff: it is borrowed from her. She informed us, you may remember, that the stranger who met, and appeared to avoid Lionel Verner, was no other than a "missionary from Jerusalem," taken with an anxiety for the souls of Deerham, and about to do what he could to convert them—"Brother Jarrum."

Brother Jarrum had entered upon his work, conjointly with his entry upon Peckaby's spare room. He held nightly meetings in Peckaby's shop, and the news of his fame was spreading. Women of all ages flocked in to hear him—you know how impressionable they have the character of being. A sprinkling of men followed out of curiosity, of idleness, or from propensity to ridicule. Had Brother Jarrum proved to be a real missionary from Jerusalem—though, so far as my knowledge goes, such messengers from that city are not common—genuinely desirous of converting them from wrath to grace, I fear his audience would, after the first night or two, have fallen off considerably. *This* missionary, however, contrived both to keep his audience and to increase it; his promises partaking more of the mundane nature than do such promises in general. In point of fact, Brother Jarrum was an elder from a place that he was pleased to term "New Jerusalem:" in other words from the Salt Lake city.

It has been the fate of certain spots of England, more so than of most other parts of the world, to be favored by periodical visits from these gentry. Deerham was now suffering under the infliction, and Brother Jarrum was doing all that lay in his power to convert half its population into Mormon proselytes. His peculiar doctrines is of no consequence to transcribe; but some of his promises were so rich that it is a pity you should lose the treat of hearing them. They commenced with—husbands to all. Old or young, married or single, each was safe to be made the wife of one of these favored prophets the instant she set foot in the new city. This of course was a very grand thing for the women—as you may know if you have any experience with them—especially for those who were getting on the shady side of forty, and had not changed their name. They, the women, gathered together and pressed into Peckaby's shop, and stared at Brother Jarrum with eager eyes, and listened with strained ears, only looking off him to cast admiring glances one to another.

"Stars and snakes," said Brother Jarrum, whose style of oratory was more peculiar than elegant, "what flounders me is, that the whole lot of you Britishers don't migrate of yourselves to the desired city—the promised land—the Zion on the mountains. You stop here to pinch and toil and care, and quarrel one of another, and starve your children through having nothing to give 'em, when you might go out there to ease, to love, to peace, to plenty. It's a charming city; what else should it be called the City of the Saints for? The houses have shady verandahs round 'em, with sweet shrubs a-creeping up, and white posts and pillows to lean against. The bigger a household is, the more rooms it have got; not a lady there, if there was a hundred of 'em in family, but what's got her own parlor and bedroom to herself, which no stranger thinks of going in at without knocking for leaf. All round and about these houses is productive gardens, trees and flowers for ornament, and fruits and green stuff to eat. There's trees that they call cotton wood, and firs and locusts, and balsams, and poplars, and pines, and acacias, some of 'em in blossom. A family may live for nothing upon the produce of their own ground. Vegetables is to be had for the cutting; their own cows gives the milk—such milk and butter as this poor place, Deerham, never saw—but the rich flavor's imparted to 'em from the fine quality of the grass; and fruit you might feed upon till you got a surfeit. Grapes and peaches is all a hanging in clusters to the hand, only waiting to be plucked! Stars! my mouth's watering now at the thoughts of 'em! I—"

"Please, sir, what did you say the name of the place was again?" interrupted a female voice.

"New Jerusalem," replied Brother Jarrum. "It's in the territory of Utah. On the maps and on the roads, and for them that have not awoke to the new light, it's called the Great Salt Lake City; but, for us favored saints, it's New Jerusalem. It's Zion—it's Paradise—it's anything beautiful you may like to call it. There's a ball-room in it."

This abrupt wind-up rather took some of the audience aback. A ball-room!

"A ball-room," gravely repeated Brother Jarrum. "A public ball-room not far from a hundred feet long; and we have a theatre for the acting of plays; and we go for rides in winter in sleighs. Ah! did you think it was with us out there, as it is with you in the old country? One's day's to be made up of labor, labor, labor; no interlude to it but starvation and the crying of children as can't get nursed or fed! We like amusement; and we have it; dancing in particular. Our great prophet himself dances: and all the apostles and bishops dance. They dance themselves down."

The assemblage sat with open eyes. New wonders were revealed to them every moment. Some of the younger legs grew restless at the mental vision conjured up.

"It's part of our faith to dance," continued Brother Jarrum. "Why shouldn't we? Didn't David dance? Didn't Jephtha dance? Didn't the prodigal son dance? You'll all dance on to the last if you come to us. Such a thing as old legs is hardly known among us. As the favored climate makes the women's faces beautiful, so it keeps the limbs from growing old. The ball-room is hung with green branches and flags: you might think it was a scene of trees lit with lamps; and you'd never tire of listening to the music, or of looking at the supper-table. If you could only see the suppers given, in a picture to-night; it 'ud spoil your sleep, and you'd not rest till you had started to partake of 'em. Ducks and turkeys, and oysters, and fowls, and fish, and meats, and custards, and pies, and potatoes, and greens, and jellies, and coffee and tea, and cake, and drinks, and so many more things that you'd be tired only of hearing me say the names. There's abundance for all."

Some commotion amid Brother Jarrum's hearers, and a sound as of licking of lips. That supper account was a great temptation. Had Brother Jarrum started then straight off for the Salt Lake, the probability is that three-parts of the room would have formed a tail after him.

"What's the drinks?" inquired Jim Clark, the supper items imparting to his inside a curious feeling of emptiness.

"There's no lack of drinks in the City of the Saints," replied Brother Jarrum. "Whiskey's plentiful. Have you heard of mint julep? That *is* delicious. Mint is one of the few productions not common out there, and we are learning to make the julep with sage instead. You should see the plains of sage! It grows wild."

"And there's ducks, you say?" observed Susan Peckaby. "It's convenient to have sage in plenty where there's ducks," added she to the assembly in general. "What a land it must be!"

"A land that's not to be exalled! A land flowing with milk and honey!" rapturously echoed Brother Jarrum. "Ducks is in plenty, and sage grows as thick as nettles do here; you can't go out to the open country but you put your foot upon it. Nature's generally in accordance with herself. What should she give all them bushes of wild sage for, unless she gave ducks to match?"

A problem that appeared indisputable to the minds of Brother Jarrum's listeners. They sincerely wished themselves in New Jerusalem.

"Through the streets runs a stream of sparkling water, clear as crystal," continued Brother Jarrum. "You have only got to stoop down with a can on a hot summer's day, and take a drink of it. It runs on both sides the streets for convenience: folks step out of their houses and draw it up with no trouble. You have not got to toil half-a-mile to a spring of fresh water there! You'd never forget the silver lake at the base of Antelope Island, once you set eyes on it."

Several haggard eyes were lifted at this. "Do silver grow there like the sage?"

"I spoke metaphorical," exclaimed Brother Jarrum. "Would I deceive you? No. It's the Great Salt Lake, shines out like burnished silver, and bursts on the sight of the new pilgrims when they arrive in bands at the holy city—the emigrants from this land."

"Some do arrive then, sir?" timidly questioned Dinah Roy.

"Some!" indignantly responded Brother Jarrum. "They are arriving continual. The very evening before I left, a numerous company arrived. It was just upon sunset. The clouds was all of rose color, tipped with purple and gold, and there lay the holy city at their feet in the lovely valley I told you of last night, with the lake of glittering silver in the distance. It is a sight for 'em, I can tell you! The regular-built houses, enclosed in their gardens and buildings, like farm homesteads, and the inhabitants turning out with fiddles, to meet and welcome the travellers. Some of the pilgrims fainted with joy; some shouted; lots danced; and sobs and tears of delight burst from all. If the journey had been a little fatiguing—what of that, with that glorious scene at the end of it?"

"And you see this?" cried a man, Davies, in a somewhat doubtful tone.

"I see it with my two eyes," answered Brother Jarrum. "I often see it. We had had news in the city that a train of newcomers was approaching, mostly English, and we went out to meet 'em. Not one of us saints, hardly, but was expecting some friend by it: a sister, or a father, or a sweetheart, may-be; and away we hurried outside the city. Presently the train came in sight."

"They have railroads there, then?" spoke a man, who was listening with eager interest. It was decent, civil, Grind.

"Not yet; we shall have 'em shortly," said Brother Jarrum. "The train consisted of carts, carriages, vehicles of all sorts; and some rode mules, and some were walking on their legs. They were all habited nicely, and singing hymns. A short way off the holy city, it's the custom for the emigrants to make a halt, and wash and dress themselves, so as to enter proper. Such a meeting! the kissing and the greeting drowning the noise of the music, and the old men and the little children dancing. The prophet himself came out, and shook hands with 'em all, a brass band blowing in front of him, and he standing up in his carriage. Where else would you travel to, I'd like to know, and find such a welcome at the end of your journey? Houses, and friends, and plenty, all got ready aforehand; and gentlemen waiting to marry the ladies that may wish to enter the holy state!"

"There *is* a plenty!" questioned again that unbelieving man, Davies.

"There's such a plenty that the new arrivals are advised to eat, for a week or two, only half their fill," returned Brother Jarrum. "Of fruits in partic'lar. Some, that have gone right in at the good things without mercy, have been laid up through it, and had to fine themselves down upon physic for a week after. No; it's best to be a little sparing at the beginning."

"What did he say just now about all the Mormons being beautiful?" questioned a pretty looking girl, of her neighbors. And Brother Jarrum caught the words, although they were spoken in an undertone.

"And so they are," said he. "The climate's of a nature that softens the faces, keeps folks in health, and stops 'em from growing old. If you see two females in the street, one a saint's wife, the 'tother a new arrival, you can always tell which is which. The wife's got a slender waist, like a lady, with a delicate color in her face, and silky hair; the new comer's tanned, and fat, and freckled, and clumsy. If you don't believe me, you can ask them as have been there. There's something in the dress they wear, too, that sets 'em off. No female goes out without a veil, which hangs down behind. They don't want to hide their pretty faces, not they."

Mary Green, a damsel of twenty, she who had previously spoken, really did possess a pretty face; and a rapturous vision came over her at this juncture, of beholding it shaded and set off by a white lace veil, as she had often seen Miss Decima Verner's.

"Now, I can't explain to you why it is that the women in the city should be fair to the eye, or why the men don't seem to grow old," resumed Brother Jarrum. "It *is* so, and that's enough. People learned in such things might tell the cause; but I'm not learned in 'em. Some says it's the effect of the New Jerusalem climate; some thinks it's the fruits of the happy and plentiful life we lead; my opinion is, it's a mixture of both. A man of sixty hardly looks forty, out there. It's a great favor!"

One of the ill-doing Dawsons, who had pushed his way in at the shop-door in time to hear part of the lavished praise on New Jerusalem, interrupted at this juncture.

"I say, master, if this is as you're a-telling us, how is it that folks talk so agin the Mormons? I met a man in Heartburg once, who had been out there, and he couldn't say bad enough of 'em."

"Snakes! but that's a natural question of yours, and I'm glad to answer it," replied Brother Jarrum, with a taking air of candor. "Those evil reports come from our enemies. There's another tribe living in the Great Salt Lake city besides ours; and that's the Gentiles. Gentiles is our name for 'em. It's this set that spreads about uncredible reports, and we'd like to sow their mouths up—"

Brother Jarrum probably intended to say unaccredited. He continued, somewhat vehemently.

"—To sow their mouths up with a needle and thread, and let 'em stopped sowed forever. They are jealous of us; that's what it is. Some of their wives, too, have left 'em to espouse our saints, at which they nagger greatly. The outrageousest things that enemies' tongues can be laid to, they say. Don't you ever believe 'em; it flounders me to think as anybody can. Whoever wants to see my credentials, they are at their beck and call. Call to-morrow morning—in my room up stairs—call any other morning, and my certificates is open to be looked at, with spectacles or without 'em, signed in full, at the Great Salt Lake city, territory of Utah, by our prophet, Mr. Brigham Young, and two of his councillors, testifying that I am Elder Silas Jarrum, and that my mission over here is to preach the light to them as are at present asleep in darkness, and bring 'em to the community of the Latter Day Saints. *I'm* no impostor, I'm not; and I tell you that the false reports come from them unbelieving Gentiles. Instead of minding their own affairs, they pass their days nagging at the saints."

"Why don't they turn saints theirselves?" cried a voice, sensibly.

"Because Satan stops 'em. You have heard of him, you know. He's busy everywhere, as you've been taught by your parsons. I put my head inside of your [illegible] door, last Sunday night, while the sermon was going on, and I heard your parson tell

THE BIG SPRING AT TUSCUMBIA, ALABAMA.

The above, engraved expressly for The Post, from the N. Y. Illustrated News, gives a view of a large and famous spring at Tuscumbia, Ala., which place was recently—perhaps now is—in the possession of the Union forces.

you as Satan was the foundation of all the ill that was in you. He was right there; though I'm no friend to parsons in general. Satan is the head and tail of bad things, and he fills up the Gentiles with proud notions, and blinds their eyes against us. No wonder! If every soul in the world turned Latter Day Saint, and come over to us at New Jerusalem, where 'ud Satan's work be? We are striving to get you out of the clutches of Satan, my friends, and you must strive for yourselves also. Where's the use of us elders coming among you to preach and convert, unless you meet us half-way? Where's the good of keeping up that 'Perpetual Emigration Fund Company,' if you don't reap its benefit and make a start to emigrate? These things is being done for you, not for us. The Latter Day Saints have got nothing mean nor selfish about 'em; they are the richest people in the world—in generosity and good works."

"Is servants allowed to dress in veils, out there?" demanded Mary Green, during a pause of Brother Jarrum's, afforded to the audience that they might sufficiently revolve the disinterested generosity of the Latter Day Saint community.

"Veils! Veils, and feathers, too, if they are so minded," was Brother Jarrum's answer; and it fell like a soothing sound on Mary Green's vain ear. "It's not many servants, though, that you'd find in New Jerusalem."

"Ain't servants let go out to New Jerusalem?" quickly returned Mary Green. She was a servant herself, just now out of place, given to spend all her wages upon finery, and coming to grief perpetually with her mistresses upon the score.

"Many of 'em goes out," was the satisfactory reply of Brother Jarrum. "But servants here are not servants there. Who'd be a servant if she could be a missis? Wouldn't a handsome young female prefer to be her master's wife than to be his servant?"

Mary Green giggled; the question had been pointedly put to her.

"If a female servant *chooses* to remain a servant, in course she can," Brother Jarrum resumed. "And precious long wages she'd get; eighty pound a-year—good."

A movement of surprise amid the audience. Brother Jarrum went on:

"I can't say I have knowed many as have stopped servants even at that high rate of pay. My memory won't charge me with one. They have married and settled, and so have secured for themselves paradise."

This might be taken as a delicate hint that the married state, generally, deserved that happy title. Some of the experiences of those present, however, rather tended to accord it a less satisfactory one, and there arose some murmuring. Brother Jarrum explained:

"Women is not married with us for time, but for eternity—as I tried to beat into you last night. Once the wife of a saint, their entrance into paradise is safe and certain. We have not got a old maid among us—not a single old maid."

The sensation that this information caused, I'll leave you to judge; considering that Deerham was famous for old maids, and that several were present.

"No old maids and no widders," continued Brother Jarrum, wiping his forehead, which was becoming moist with the heat of argument. "We have respect to our women, we have, and like to make 'em comfortable."

"But if their husbands die off?" suggested a puzzled listener.

"The husband's successor marries his widders," explained Brother Jarrum. "Look at our late head and prophet, Mr. Joe Smith—him that appeared in a vision to our present prophet, and pointed out the spot for the new temple. He died a martyr, Mr. Joe Smith did—a prey to wicked murderers. Were his widders left to grieve and die out after him? No. Mr. Brigham Young, he succeeded to his honors, and he married the widders."

This was received somewhat dubiously: the assemblage not clear whether to approve it or to cavil at it.

"Not so much to be his wives, you know, as to be a kind of ruling matrons in his household," went on Brother Jarrum. "To have their own places apart, their own rooms in the house, and to be as happy as the day's long. They don't—"

"How they must quarrel, a lot of wives together!" interrupted a discontented voice.

Brother Jarrum set himself energetically to disprove this supposition. He succeeded. Belief is easy to willing minds.

"Which is best?" asked he. "To be one of the wives of a rich saint, where all the wives is happy an' honored, and well dressed; or to toil and starve, and go next door to naked, as a poor man's solitary wife does here? I know which *I* should choose if the two chances was offered me. A woman can't put her foot inside the heavenly kingdom, I tell you, unless she has got a husband to lay hold of her hand and draw her in. The wives of a saint are safe; paradise is in store for 'em; and that's why the Gentiles' wives—them folks that's for ever riling at us—leave their husbands and marry a saint."

"Does the saints' wives ever leave 'em to marry them others—the Gentiles?" asked that troublesome Davies.

"Such cases have been heered of," responded Brother Jarrum, shaking his head with a grave solemnity of manner. "They have braved the punishment, and done it. But the act has been rare."

"What's the punishment?" inquired somebody's wife.

"When a female belonging to the Latter Day Saints—whether she's married or single—falls off from grace and goes over to them Gentiles, and marries one of 'em, she's condemned to be buffeted by Satan for a thousand years."

A pause of consternation.

"Who condemns her?" a voice, more venturesome than the rest, was heard to ask.

"There's mysteries in our faith which can't be disclosed even to you," was the reply of Brother Jarrum. "Them apostate women are condemned to it; and that's enough. Land's sake! it's not everybody as can see the truth. Ninety-nine may see it, and the hundredth mayn't."

"Very true, very true," was murmured around.

"I think I see the waggins and the other vehicles arriving now!" rapturously exclaimed Brother Jarrum, turning his eyes right up into his head, the better to take in the mental vision. "The travellers, tired with their journey, washed and shaved, and dressed, and the women's hair anointed, all flagrant with oil and frantic with joy—shouting, singing and dancing to the tune of the advancing fiddles! I think I see the great prophet himself, with his brass-band in front and his body-guard around him—sometimes he goes out with his body-guard—meeting the travellers and shaking their hands individ'ally! I think I see the joy of the women, and the nice young girls, when they are led to the hymineal halter in our temple by the saints that have chosen them, to be inducted into the safety of paradise! Happy those that the prophet chooses for himself! While them other poor forsaken backsliders shall be undergoing their thousand years of buffetings, they'll reign triumphant, the saved saints of the Mil—"

How long Brother Jarrum's harangue might have rung on the wide ears of his delighted listeners, it is not easy to say. But an interruption occurred to the proceedings. It was caused by the entrance of Peckaby; and the meeting was terminated somewhat abruptly. While Susan Peckaby sat at the feet of the saint, a willing disciple of his doctrine, her lord and master, however disheartening it may be to record it, could not, by any means, be induced to open his heart and receive the grace. He remained obdurate—passively obdurate during the day; but rather demonstratively obdurate towards night—Peckaby a quiet, civil man enough when sober, was just the contrary when *tore;* and since he had joined the blacksmith's shop, his evening visits to a noted public-house—the Plough and Harrow—had become frequent. On his return home from these visits, his mind had once or twice been spoken out pretty freely as to the Latter Day Saint doctrine; once he had gone the length of clearing the shop of guests and marshalling the saint himself to the retirement of his own apartment. However contrite he may have shown himself for this the next morning, nobody desired to have the scene repeated. Consequently, when Peckaby now entered, defiance in his face and unsteadiness in his legs, the guests filed out of their own accord; and Brother Jarrum, taking the flaring candle from the shelf, disappeared with it up the stairs.

This has been a very fair specimen of Brother Jarrum's representations and eloquence. It was only one meeting out of a great many. As I said before, the precise tenets of his religious faith need not be enlarged upon: it is enough to say that they were quite equal to his temporal promises. You will therefore scarcely wonder that he made disciples. But the mischief, as yet, had only begun to brew.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A VISIT OF CEREMONY.

Whatever may have been Lionel Verner's private sentiments, with regard to his choice of a wife—whether he repented his hasty bargain or whether he did not, no shade of dissatisfaction escaped him. Sibylla took up her abode with her sisters, and Lionel visited her, just as other people visit the young ladies they may be going to marry. The servants at Verner's Pride were informed that a mistress for them was in contemplation, and preparations for the marriage were begun. Not until summer would it take place, when twelve months should have elapsed from the demise of Frederick Massingbird.

Deerham was, of course, free in its comments, differing in no wise on that score from other places. Lionel Verner was pitied, and Sibylla abused. The heir of Verner's Pride, with his good looks, his manifold attractions, his somewhat cold impassibility as to the tempting snares laid out for him in the way of matrimony, had been a beacon for many a young lady to steer towards. Had he married Lucy Tempest, had he married Lady Mary Elmsley, had he married a royal princess, he and she would both have been equally cavilled at. He, for placing himself beyond the pale of competition; she, for securing the prize. It always was so, and it always will be.

His choice of Mrs. Massingbird, however, really did afford some grounds for gumbling. She was not worthy of Lionel Verner. So Deerham thought; so Deerham said. He was throwing himself away; he would live to repent it; she must have been the most crafty of women, so to have secured him! Free words enough, and harshly spoken; but they were as water by the side of those uttered by Lady Verner.

In the first bitter hour of disappointment, Lady Verner gave free speech to harsh things. It was in her love for Lionel that she so grieved. Setting aside the facts that Sibylla had been the wife of another man, that she was, in position, beneath Lionel—which facts, however, Lady Verner could not set aside, for they were ever present to her—her great objection lay in the conviction that Sibylla would prove entirely unsuited to him; that it would turn out an unhappy union. Short and sharp was the storm with Lady Verner; but in a week or two she subsided into quietness, buried her grief and resentment within her, and made no further outward demonstration.

"Mother, you will call upon Sibylla?" Lionel said to her one day that he had gone to Deerham Court. He spoke in a low deprecating tone, and his face flushed; he anticipated he knew not what torrent of objection.

Lady Verner met the request differently.

"I suppose it will be expected of me, that I should do so," she replied, strangely calm. "How I dislike this artificial state of things! Where the customs of society must be bowed to, by those who live in it; their actions, good or bad, commented upon and judged! You have been expecting that I should call before this, I suppose, Lionel?"

"I have been hoping, from day to day, that you would call."

"I will call—for your sake, Lionel," she passionately added, turning to him, and seizing his hands between hers, "what I do now, I do for your sake. It has been a cruel blow to me; but I will try to make the best of it, for you my best-loved son."

He bent down to his mother, and kissed her tenderly. It was his mode of showing her his thanks.

"Do not mistake me, Lionel. I will go just so far in this matter as may be necessary to avoid open disapproval. If I appear to approve it, that the world may not cavil and you complain, it will be little more than an appearance. I will call upon your intended wife, but the call will be one of etiquette, of formal ceremony; you must not expect me to get into the habit of repeating it. I shall never become intimate with her."

"You do not know what the future may bring forth," returned Lionel, looking at his mother with a smile. "I trust the time will come when you shall have learnt to love Sibylla."

"I do not think that time will ever arrive," was the frigid reply of Lady Verner. "Oh, Lionel!" she added, in an impulse of sorrow, "what a barrier this has raised between us—what a severing for the future!"

"The barrier exists in your own mind only, mother," was his answer, spoken sadly. "Sibylla would be a loving daughter to you, if you would allow her so to be."

A slight, haughty shake of the head, suppressed at once, was the reply of Lady Verner. "I had looked for a different daughter," she continued. "I had hoped for Mary Elmsley."

"Upon this point, at any rate, there need be no misunderstanding," returned Lionel. "Believe me once for all, mother; I should never have married Mary Elmsley. Had I and Sibylla remained apart for life, separated as wide as the two poles, it is not Mary Elmsley that I should have made my wife. It is more than probable that my choice would have pleased you only in a degree more than it does now."

The jealous ears of Lady Verner detected an under-current of meaning in the words.

"You speak just as though you had some one in particular in your thoughts!" she uttered.

It recalled Lucy, it recalled the past connected with her, all too painfully to his mind; and he returned an evasive answer. He never willingly recalled her, or it; if they obtruded themselves on his memory—as they very often did—he drove them away, as he was driving them now.

He quitted the house, and Lady Verner proceeded up stairs to Decima's room. That pretty room, with its blue panels and hangings, where Lionel used to be when he was growing convalescent. Decima and Lucy were in it now.

"I wish you to go out with me to make a call," she said to them.

"Both of us, mamma?" inquired Decima.

"Both," repeated Lady Verner. "It is a call of etiquette," she added, a sound of irony, mixing in the tone, "and therefore you must both make it. It is to Lionel's chosen wife."

A hot flush passed into the face of Lucy Tempest; hot words rose to her lips. Hasty, thoughtless, impulsive words, to the effect that *she* could not pay a visit to the chosen wife of Lionel Verner.

But she checked them ere they were spoken. She turned to the window, which had been opened to the early spring day, and suffered the cool air to blow on her flushed face, and calmed down her impetuous thoughts. Was *this* the course of conduct that she had marked out for herself? She looked round at Lady Verner and said, in a gentle tone, that she would be ready at any hour named.

"We will go at once," replied Lady Verner. "I have ordered the carriage. The sooner we make it—as we have to make it—the better."

There was no mistake about it. Lucy had grown to love Lionel Verner. *How* she loved him, esteemed him, venerated him; none, save her own heart could tell. Her days had been as one long dream of Eden. The very aspect of the world had changed; the blue sky, the soft breathing wind, the scent of the budding flowers, had spoken a language to her, never before learned: "Rejoice in us, for we are lovely!" It was the sweet, mysterious rapture arising from love's first dream: which can never be described by mortal pen; and never, while it lasts, can be spoken of by living tongue, *while it lasts.* It never does last. It is the one sole ecstatic phase of life, the solitary romance stealing in once, and but once, amidst the world's hard realities; the "fire filched for us from heaven." Has it to arise yet for you—you, who read this? Do not trust it when it comes, for it will be fleeting as a summer cloud. Enjoy it, revel in it while you hold it; it will lift you out of the earth's clay and earth's evil, with its angel wings; but trust not to its remaining; even while you are saying, "I will make it mine for ever," it is gone. It had gone for Lucy Tempest. And, oh! better for her, perhaps, that it should go; better, perhaps, for all; for if that sweet glimpse of paradise could take up its abode permanently in the heart, we should never look, or wish, or pray for that better Paradise which has to come hereafter.

But who can see this in the sharp flood tide of despair? Not Lucy. In losing Lionel she had lost all; and nothing remained for her but to do battle with her trouble alone. Passionately and truly as Lionel had loved Sibylla; so, in her turn, did Lucy love him.

It is not the fashion now for young ladies to die of broken hearts—as it was in the old days. A little while given to "the grief that kills," and then Lucy strove to arouse herself to better things. She would go upon her way, burying all feelings within her; she would meet him and others with a calm exterior and placid smile; none should see that she suffered; no, though her heart were breaking.

"I will forget him," she murmured to herself ten times in the day. "What a mercy that I did not let him see I loved him! I never should have loved him, but that I thought he—Pshaw; why do I recall it? I was mistaken; I was stupid—and all that's left to me is, to make the best of it."

So she drove her thoughts away, as Lionel did. She set out on her course bravely, with the determination to forget him. She schooled her heart, and schooled her face, and believed she was doing great things. To Lionel she cast no blame—and that was unfortunate for the forgetting scheme. She blamed herself; not Lionel. Remarkably simple and humble minded, Lucy Tempest was accustomed to think of every one before herself. Who was she, that she should have assumed Lionel Verner was growing to love her? Sometimes she would glance at another phase of the picture: That Lionel *had* been growing to love her; but that Sibylla Massingbird had, in some weak moment, by some sleight of hand, drawn him to her again, extracted from him a promise that he could not retract. She did not dwell upon this; she drove it from her, as she drove away, or strove to drive away, the other thoughts; although the theory, regarding the night of Sibylla's return, was the favorite theory of Lady Verner. Altogether, I say, circumstances were not very favorable toward's Lucy's plan of forgetting him.

Lady Verner's carriage—the most fascinating carriage in all Deerham, with its blue and silver appointments, its fine horses, all the present of Lionel—conveyed them to the house of Dr. West. Lady Verner would not have gone otherwise than in state, for untold gold. Distance allowing her, for she was not a good walker, she would have gone on foot, without attendants, to visit the Countess of Elmsley and Lady Mary; but not Sibylla. You can understand the distinction.

They arrived at an inopportune moment, for Lionel was there. At least, Lionel thought it inopportune. On leaving his mother's house he had gone to Sibylla's. And, however gratified he may have been by the speedy compliance of his mother with his request, he had very much preferred, himself, not to be present, if the call comprised, as he saw it did comprise, Lucy Tempest.

Sibylla was at home alone; her sisters were out. She had been leaning back in an invalid chair, listening to the words of Lionel, when a servant opened the door and announced Lady Verner. Neither had observed the stopping of the carriage. Carriages often stopped at the house, and visitors entered it: but they were most frequently professional visits, concerning nobody but Jan. Lady Verner swept in. For her very life, she could not avoid showing hauteur in that moment. Sibylla sprung from her chair, and stood with a changing face.

Lionel's countenance, too, was changing. It was the first time he had met Lucy face to face in the close proximity necessitated by a room. He had studiously striven not to meet her, and had contrived to succeed. Did he call himself a coward for it? But where was the help?

A few moments given to greeting, to the assuming of seats, and they were settled down. Lady Verner and Decima on a sofa opposite Sibylla; Lucy in a low chair—what she was sure to look out for; Lionel leaning against the mantel-piece—as favorite a position of his, as a low seat was of Lucy's. Sibylla had been startled by their entrance, and her chest was beating. Her brilliant color went and came, her hand was pressed upon her bosom, as if to still it, and she lay rather back in her chair for support. She had not assumed a widow's cap since her arrival, and her pretty hair fell around her in a shower of gold. In spite of Lady Verner's prejudices, she could not help thinking her very beautiful; but she looked suspiciously delicate.

"It is very kind of you to come to see me," said Sibylla, speaking timidly across to Lady Verner.

Lady Verner slightly bowed.

"You do not look strong," she observed to Sibylla, speaking in the moment's impulse. "Are you well?"

"I am pretty well. I am not strong. Since I returned home, a little thing seems to flutter me, as your entrance has done now. Lionel had just told me you would call upon me, he thought. I was so glad to hear it! Somehow I feared you would not."

Candid, at any rate; and Lady Verner did not disapprove the apparent feeling that prompted it: but how her heart revolted at hearing those lips pronounce "Lionel" familiarly, she alone could tell. Again came the offence.

"Lionel tells me sometimes I am so changed since I went out, that even he would scarcely have known me. I do not think I am so changed as all that. I had a good deal of vexation and trouble, and I grew thin. But I shall soon be well again now."

A pause.

"You ascertained no certain news of John Massingbird, I hear?" observed Lady Verner.

"Not any. A gentleman there is endeavoring to trace out more particulars. I heard—did Lionel mention to you—that I heard, strange to say, of Luke Roy from the family I was visiting—the Eyres? Lionel,"—turning to him—"did you repeat it to Lady Verner?"

"I believe not," replied Lionel.

He could not say to Sibylla, "My mother would tolerate no conversation on any topic connected with you."

Another flagging pause.

Lionel, to create a divertissement, raised a remarkably fine specimen of coral from the table, and carried it to his mother.

"It is beautiful," he remarked. "Sibylla brought it home with her."

Lady Verner allowed that it was beautiful.

"Show it to Lucy," she said, when she had examined it with interest. "Lucy, my dear, do you remember what I was telling you the other evening, about the black coral?"

Sibylla rose and approached Lucy with Lionel.

"I am so pleased to make your acquaintance," she said, warmly. "You only came to Deerham a short while before I was leaving it, and I saw scarcely anything of you. Lionel has seen a great deal of you, I fancy, though he will not speak of you. I told him one day it looked suspicious; that I should be jealous of you, if he did not mind."

It was a foolish speech, foolish of Sibylla to utter it: but she did so in all singleness of heart, meaning nothing. Lucy was bending over the coral, held by Lionel. She felt her own cheeks flush, and she saw by chance, not by direct look, that Lionel's face had turned a deep scarlet. Jealous of her! She continued to admire the coral some little time longer, and then resigned it to him with a smile.

"Thank you, Mr. Verner. I am fond of these marine curiosities. We had a good many of them at the Rectory. Mr. Cust's brother was a sailor."

Lionel could not remember the time when she had called him "Mr. Verner." It was right, however, that she should do so; but in his heart he felt thankful for that sweet smile. It seemed to tell him that she, at any rate, was heart whole, that she certainly bore him no resentment. He spoke, himself, freely now.

"You are not looking well, Lucy—as we have been upon the subject of looks."

"I? Oh, I have had another cold since the one Jan cured. I did not try his remedies in time, and it fastened upon me. I don't know which barked the most—I, or Growler."

"Jan says he shall have Growler here," remarked Sibylla.

"No, Sibylla," interposed Lionel; "Jan said he should like to have Growler here if it were convenient to do so, and my mother would spare him. A medical man's is not the place for a barking dog: he might attack the night applicants."

"Is it Jan's dog?" inquired Lucy.

"Yes," said Lionel. "I thought you knew it. Why, don't you remember, Lucy, the day I—"

Whatever reminiscence Lionel may have been about to recall, he cut it short midway, and subsided into silence. What was his motive? Did Lucy know? She did not ask for the ending, and the rest were then occupied, and had not heard.

More awkward pauses—as in these visits where the parties do not amalgamate, is sure to be the case, and then Lady Verner slightly bowed to Lucy, as she might have done on their retiring from table, and rose. Extending the tips of the delicately-gloved fingers to Sibylla, she swept out of her room. Decima shook hands with her more cordially, although she had not spoken half-a-dozen words during the interview, and Sibylla turned and put her hand into Lucy's.

"I hope we shall be intimate friends," she said. "I hope you will be our frequent guest at Verner's Pride."

"Thank you," replied Lucy.

And perhaps the sudden flush on her face might have been less vivid, had Lionel not been standing there.

He attended them to the carriage, taking up his hat as he passed through the vestibule, for really the confined space that did duty for hall in Dr. West's house, did not deserve the name. Lady Verner sat on one side the carriage, Decima and Lucy on the seat opposite. Lionel stood a moment after handing them in.

"If you can tear yourself away from the house for half-an-hour, I wish you would take a drive with us," said Lady Verner, her tone of voice no more pleasant than her words. Try as she would, she could not help her jealous resentment, against Sibylla, peeping out.

Lionel smiled, and took his seat by his mother, opposite to Lucy. He was resolved to foster no ill-feeling by his own conduct, but to do all that lay in his power to subdue it in Lady Verner. He had not taken leave of Sibylla; and it may have been this, the proof that he was about to return to her, which had excited the ire of my lady. She, his mother, nothing to him; Sibylla all in all. Sibylla stood at the window, and Lionel bent forward, nodded his adieu, and raised his hat.

The footman ascended to his place, and the carriage went on. All in silence for some minutes. A silence which Lady Verner suddenly broke.

"What have you been doing to your cheeks, Lucy? You look as if you had caught a fever."

Lucy laughed.

"Do I, Lady Verner? I hope it is not a third cold coming on, or Jan will grumble that I take them on purpose. Like he did the last time."

She caught the eyes of Lionel rivetted on her with a strangely perplexed expression. It did not tend to subdue the excitement of her cheeks.

Another moment, and Decima's cheeks appeared to have caught the infection. They had suddenly become one glowing crimson: a strange sight on her delicately pale face. What could have caused it? Surely not the quiet riding up to the carriage of a stately old gentleman who was passing, wearing a white frilled shirt and hessian boots. He looked as if he had come out of a picture-frame, as he sat there, his hat off and his white hair flowing, courteously but not cordially inquiring after the health of Lady Verner.

"Pretty well, Sir Rufus. I have had a great deal of vexation to try me lately."

"As we all have, my lady. Vexation has formed a large portion of my life. I have been calling at Verner's Pride, Mr. Verner."

"Have you, Sir Rufus? I am sorry I was not at home."

"These fine spring days tempt me out. Miss Tempest, you are looking remarkably well. Good morning, my lady. Good morning."

A bow to Lady Verner, a sweeping bow to the rest collectively, and Sir Rufus rode away at a trot, putting on his hat as he went. His groom trotted after him, touching his hat as he passed the carriage.

But not a word had he spoken to Decima Verner, not a look had he given her. The omission was unnoticed by the others; not by Decima. The crimson of her cheeks had faded to an ashy paleness, and she silently let fall her veil to hide it.

What secret understanding could there be between herself and Sir Rufus Hautley?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Books of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

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The President's Proclamation.

The Proclamation of President Lincoln, issued on the 22nd ult., is, with the single exception of the Declaration of Independence, the most important State Paper, for good or for evil, ever issued on this continent.

It is a declaration of immediate emancipation, on the first of January, 1863, to three millions of slaves.

It seems useless now to enter upon any argument as to the expediency or inexpediency of the measure in question—for the thing is done, the edict has been issued, and there is no power which has the authority to unsay and undo it.

We do not therefore propose to enter into a discussion which could have no other possible effect than to divide and distract the loyal men of the country, who, undivided and thoroughly united, find the difficulties which at present environ them sufficient to task their energies to the utmost.

It is sufficient for us to know that the President—a man who is generally admitted to be prudent and conservative in all his views—has, in the exercise of his high powers as commander-in-chief, and as a great military necessity, levelled this serious blow at what the rebel Vice President has denominated the "corner-stone" of the Southern Confederacy.

As to the probable effect of that blow, men may reasonably differ; but inasmuch as the next six months will probably test the whole matter by the undeniable verdict of fact and experience, it is not likely that many will commit themselves very warmly to predictions that so short a period may disprove.

Just in proportion as a question is incapable of speedy settlement, is it likely to be argued pro and con in a heated and intemperate manner. What in six months will be positively decided one way or the other, can hardly be considered such a question.

Our own opinion is, that, considered as a mere military measure, the President has struck a blow that will make the rebel edifice tremble from its turret to its base. We believe that by the first of January the Proclamation of Freedom will be known to the slaves of every plantation in the Confederate states—and that the rebels will hereafter have to fight the Federal armies with one hand, while keeping three millions of slaves in subjection with the other.

Many consider that the slaves are so peaceable, docile and attached to their masters, that no more action is to be expected from them than from so many horses and sheep—that they will not even run away for the sake of being free. Perhaps those that think thus are right—and, if so, the President's Proclamation will be a failure as to its immediate effects, except so far as its bearing upon Europe is concerned.

As to the social and industrial considerations involved in this matter, one thing should be borne in mind by all sanguine persons—A state of transition, even from a bad to a good condition of affairs, is generally attended with more or less inconveniences. If your dwelling has a rotten flooring, the transition state to a sounder condition of things, will be not unattended with peculiar troubles. A house may be very filthy, but yet all men know what "house-cleaning" is. It is thus an almost inevitable condition of every change—even from an admitted bad to an admitted good—that we should pass through worse to better. It is the forty years in the wilderness between Egypt and the Land of Promise. Let no hopeful reformer think we shall escape this almost inevitable attendant of a great change, even if things work for the best. And yet let us not forget that though behind us is Egypt with its highly agreeable "flesh-pots," before us may be Palestine, our destiny and our home, which we shall soonest reach by a resolute and determined treading of the arid and unhappy wilderness that lies between.

LES MISERABLES.—Idyl of the Rue Plumet and Epic of the Rue Saint Denis. By Victor Hugo. Translated from the original French by Chas. E. Wilbour. Carlton, publisher, 413 Broadway, N. Y.

OUR PAROLED TROOPS.

From a friend who recently visited a son in Camp Parole, at Annapolis, we know the following account is, or was then, not far from the truth. It is shameful that it should be so:

A correspondent of the Boston Journal says there are at present about 10,000 paroled prisoners at Annapolis, with additional new arrivals of from 50 to 1,000 per day; half of the men are actually without tents, and sleep either on the ground or beneath horse and mule sheds. They have not the means to keep clean, because there is no clothing to give them. Some of them have worn their white army shirts for six weeks, and if you did not know what color they were you would call them black. They have no shoes or stockings—in fact, no clothing at all. Blankets they have not, and they sleep almost frozen. Sickness is quite prevalent, and the hospital is full. Such is the condition, Mr. Editor, of Camp Parole, Annapolis. The men have not the means to write home to their friends to tell them of the wrongs they are receiving from the hands of the Government.

THE REBELS AT THE BOTTOM OF IT.—The *Richmond Dispatch* of the 24th, says:

As we Expected.—The Yankees are about to send their army captured at Harper's Ferry against the Indians. Has the Government no means of retaliating for such a *breach of faith?*

It is no "breach of faith" unless the Sioux of Minnesota are allies of the rebels. Are they? Are the recent bloody massacres in Minnesota to be laid at the doors of the rebels. It is believed to be so by many of the western people; but we should like to know for a certainty.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NEW GYMNASTICS, FOR MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN. With a translation of Professor Klose's Dumb-Bell Instructor, and Professor Schreber's Pangymnastikon. By DIO LEWIS, M. D., Proprietor of the Essex St. Gymnasium, Boston. With three hundred illustrations.

"By no other way can man approach nearer to the gods, than by conferring health on men."—*Cicero.*

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

We welcome this book with peculiar warmth as initiating a system of physical culture differing from that generally taught in our gymnasiums. In these institutions wonderful acrobatic feats are frequently performed, and certain muscles are cultivated to an abnormal degree of strength, but the gymnasts do not always display a corresponding improvement in health and in universal muscular development. Ambition and rivalry, too, it is to be feared, too often carry the pupils beyond the point of safe and healthful exercise.

The system of Dr. Lewis appears to be free from all the objections alleged against former ones. The exercises are by no means so violent as the most of those to which we are accustomed in ordinary gymnasiums, while they can be so varied as to bring all the muscles successively into play, or concentrated upon those which require especial development. The recommendation that male and female classes should practice together, the arrangement of the exercises into attractive games, and the introduction of music as an accompaniment, are points in this system which we think peculiarly valuable. That gymnastics should be delightful as well as healthful, is absolutely necessary to tempt those to their continuance who have outgrown the age when mere exercise is pleasant irrespective of its end and aim. And how soon we do outgrow that period.

We used to watch with amused interest, a young relative who passed a summer under our roof a few years ago. He was a law student at the time, and would hang for hours over his musty legal tomes, absorbed in them with entire devotion; then suddenly, without warning, as if the tide of his animal spirits had floated him from his moorings, he would spring from his chair, clear the railings of the veranda with one bound, stand on his head in the centre of the lawn like some grotesque image, and the next minute be seen "swarming" up the great sycamore to its very top. We thought these ebullitions of "the sheer delight of living" very delightful, boy-like as they were, and when now, six years after that time, we meet the young lawyer, thoughtful, staid, with stooping shoulders and brows knit across his eyes, we regret the youth that was so short, the boyish spirits that so soon passed away.

We, the American people, certainly need more body-culture than we have hitherto allowed ourselves, and any movement in this direction is a gladdening one. We hope to see these gymnastic exercises adopted in our schools as a regular branch of studies, enforced upon all. Many of the games could be played by the children of a family, and the apparatus of rings and stirrups to which Professor Schreber has given the high-sounding name of the "Pangymnasticum," could be cheaply and easily arranged for home use; but the pleasantest and most useful prosecution of the various exercises will be at the regular Gymnasiums, and then it may be made fascinating enough to supersede dancing or other ordinary modes of diversion.

LIKE AND UNLIKE.—A novel. By A. S. Roe, author of "A Long Look Ahead," "True to the Last," &c., &c. Carlton, publisher, 413 Broadway, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

☞ Landseer, the great "canine artist," requested the distinguished Sydney Smith to sit to him for a portrait. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" asked the clerical punster.

☞ How near akin laughter is to tears was shown when Rubens, with a single stroke of his brush, turned a laughing child in a painting to one crying; and our mothers, without being great painters, have often brought us, in like manner, from joy to grief by a single stroke.

GERMAN VALOR.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

I.

Come over, ye sturdy Germans;
There was never yet a place
But where in the fight for Liberty
Ye have shown a dauntless face;
With your grim Teutonic moustache,
And your eye of Freedom's blue,
Ye are a match for the despots old,
And the rebels' braggart crew.

II.

We are glad to see your legions
Tramping our streets adown;
Some from the fields of the harvester,
Some from a foreign crown;
With a front as stern as manhood,
Of the noble martyr stock,
That has stood in battles of bloodiest dye,
'Gainst many a mortal shock.

III.

Come with your dauntless Sigel,
And by the memory
Of brave *Bohlen*, and glorious *Stahl*,
Strike home for Liberty;
Yes, bear our sacred banner,
Ye sons of other lands;
We trust it sooner with ye than
In Northern Traitor hands.

IV.

And when in dust and ashes
The recreant South repents,
And peace is writ in golden words
On all our battlements,
When from the sacred ruins
Of trampled fanes ye see
A glorious temple heavenward rise
For God and Liberty—

V.

Upon its inner altar,
Beneath the flags ye bore,
Blue with the smoke of battle fields,
Red with a nation's gore—
Yet white, with peace—oh! Germans!
Your names shall be enshrined,
As patriots who write in blood,
"Freedom for all mankind."

SCRAPS FROM VANITY FAIR.

A RAPPAHANNOCK CON.—Why is General Sigel like the awning over a lager beer garden? Because he covers a retreat efficiently.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.—Does not the dark, mystical gloom in which a once lovely district of our country is now wrapped, remind one of the sad, sad story of Pall and Virginia?

TO BRIGADIERS!—Go in, old boys! go in, and lose your legs! Think of the facilities this will afford you when the war is over, for stumping your respective states!

THE HARDEST THING YET SAID OF YANCEY.—That George N. Saunders was taken for him at Niagara.

A RATHER CHECKERED GAME.—Drafts.

EXERCISING READING.—The Tax-Payers' Manual has just been published, and, in brevity, it beats the Military Manual all hollow. It has but three principal orders, which are as follows:—1. Draw wallets! 2. Fork over! 3. Retire!

THE NEW "SOCIAL EVIL."—SMALL SWELL.—"Dweadful boaw, this dwaft. Dwage a fellah fwom the boozum of his club!"

CERTAINLY NOT!—The Adjutant-General has decided that students are not exempt from a draft. We never thought they were. Look at the beer they drink! Look at their drafts upon the Governors' pockets. Exempt! We should think not!

TO DYE OR NOT TO DYE.—PERPLEXED MAN.—"If I keep on dyeing 'em, they'll draft me for under forty-five; and if I leave off dyeing 'em, Polly won't have me. Anyhow, I must 'stand the hazard of the die!'"

WHAT BOOTS IT!—Several correspondents would like to know whether the government "stamps" are likely to do anything toward "crushing" the rebellion.

☞ THE OPERA.—*Lizzy.* "Good gracious, Selina, look there! There's that ridiculous little man again. Did you ever see anything so absurd?"

Bushy. "Ah! There she is, bless her! and looking this way too. Oh! it's as clear as possible she has taken a fancy to me!"

☞ A new variety of the flying fish was recently caught about 120 miles from Melbourne, in Australia. It was seventeen inches long, the back had a beautiful rose color. The flappers or wings were disproportionately large, and variegated with irregular spots.

☞ PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.—*Little Hairdresser (mildly).*—"Yer 'air 's very thin on the top, sir."

Gentleman (of ungovernable temper).—"My hair thin on the top, sir? and what if it is! Confound you, you puppy, do you think I came here to be insulted and told of my personal defects? I'll thin your top!!"

☞ A letter was dropped into the post-office in Greenfield, Mass., last week, directed to "Eggarborcity Nu chersy." After some study it was sent to Egg Harbor City, N. J.

☞ The Bishop of Oxford (England) has recommended prayers to be read in all the churches of his diocese, for the restoration of peace in America. So far the venerable prelate is right, but we should be even more gratified to know that he had added to the prayer one for the enlightenment of the minds of the benighted people of Europe, as to the real significance of the struggle here, and what "peace" would be if obtained through any other channel than success on the part of the government in putting down the rebellion.

☞ It is said that singing mice invariably have a little parasite in the substance of the liver. This disease keeps the mouse in a state of irritation, and he can't help letting us know, in his own pretty way, that he is in pain and distress.

IMPORTANT PROCLAMATIONS.

THE SLAVES IN ALL THE REBEL STATES TO BE FREE ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY—THE ACTS OF CONGRESS PUT IN FORCE—THE HABEAS CORPUS SUSPENDED IN THE LOYAL STATES.

By the President of the United States of America,

A PROCLAMATION.

I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, and Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy thereof, do hereby proclaim and declare that hereafter, as heretofore, the war will be prosecuted for the object of practically restoring the constitutional relations between the United States and each of the states, and the people thereof, in which states that relation is or may be suspended or disturbed.

That it is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress, to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure tendering pecuniary aid to the free acceptance or rejection of all the slave states so called, the people whereof may not then be in rebellion against the United States, and which states may then have voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt, the immediate or gradual abolishment of slavery within their respective limits; and that the effort to colonize persons of African descent with their consent upon this continent or elsewhere, with the previously obtained consent of the governments existing there, will be continued.

That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any state or designated part of a state, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward and forever free, and the Executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons; and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

That the Executive will on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the states or parts of states, if any, in which the people thereof respectively, shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any state or the people thereof shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections, wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such states shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony be deemed conclusive evidence that such states and the people thereof are not then in rebellion against the United States.

That attention is hereby called to an act of Congress, entitled "An act to make an additional article of war," approved March 13th, 1862, and which act is in the words and figure following:—

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That hereafter the following shall be promulgated as an additional article of war for the government of the army of the United States, and shall be observed as such.

"Article.—All officers or persons in the military or naval service of the United States are prohibited from employing any of the forces of their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor who may have escaped from any persons to whom such service or labor is claimed to be due; and any officer who shall be found guilty by a court-martial of violation of this article shall be dismissed from the service.

"Section 2. And be it further enacted, That this act shall take effect from and after its passage."

Also, to the ninth and tenth sections of an act entitled "An act to suppress insurrection, to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate the property of rebels, and for other purposes," approved July 17, 1862, and which sections are in the words and figures following:

"Section 9. And be it further enacted, That all slaves of persons who shall hereafter be engaged in rebellion against the government of the United States, or who shall in any way give aid or comfort thereto, and escaping from such persons and taking refuge within the lines of the army, and all slaves captured from such persons, or deserted by them and coming under the control of the government of the United States; and all slaves of such persons found on or being within any place occupied by the rebel forces and afterwards occupied by the forces of the United States, shall be deemed captives of war, and shall be forever free of their servitude and not again held as slaves.

"Section 10. And be it further enacted, That no slave escaping into any state, territory, or the District of Columbia, from any other state, shall be delivered up, or in any way impeded or hindered of his liberty, except for crime or some offence against the laws, unless the person claiming the said fugitive shall first make oath that the person to whom the labor or service of such fugitive is alleged to be due is his lawful owner, and has not borne arms against the United States in the present rebellion, nor in any way given aid and comfort thereto."

No person engaged in the military or naval service of the United States shall, under any pretence whatsoever, assume to decide on the validity of the claim of any person to the service or labor of any other person, or surrender up any such person to the claimant on pain of being dismissed from the service.

And I do hereby enjoin upon and order all persons engaged in the military and naval service of the United States to observe, obey and enforce within their respective spheres of service the acts and sections above recited. And the Executive will, in due time, recommend that all citizens of the United States who shall have remained loyal thereto throughout the rebellion, shall, upon the restoration of the Constitutional relations between the United States and the people, if that relation shall have been suspended or disturbed, be compensated for all losses by acts of the United States, including the loss of slaves.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this, the 22d day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

PROCLAMATION.

By the President of the United States of America:

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, It has become necessary to call into service not only volunteers but also portions of the militia of the states by draft, in order to suppress the insurrection existing in the United States, and disloyal parties are not adequately restrained by the ordinary processes of law from hindering this measure, and from giving aid and comfort in various ways to the insurrection.

Now therefore be it ordered, First—That during the existing insurrection, and as a necessary measure for suppressing the same, all rebels and insurgents, their aiders and abettors within the United States, and all persons discouraging volunteer enlistments, resisting the militia drafts, or guilty of disloyal practices, affording aid and comfort to the rebellion against the authority of the United States, shall be subject to martial law and liable to trial and punishment by courts martial or military commission.

Second, That the writ of habeas corpus is suspended in respect to all persons arrested or who are now or may hereafter, during the rebellion, be imprisoned in any fort, camp, arsenal, military prison or other place of confinement by any military authority, or by the sentence of any court-martial or military commission.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

[L. S.] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Done at the City of Washington, this, the twenty-fourth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-seventh. WM. H. SEWARD,

By the President. Secretary of State.

Serenade at the White House—Speech of the President.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24.—A large crowd assembled at the Executive mansion, to-night, on the occasion of a serenade to the President.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I appear before you to do little more than acknowledge the courtesy you pay me, and to thank you for it. I have not been distinctly informed why it is on this occasion you appear to do me this honor, though I suppose [interruptions] it is because of the proclamation. [Cries of "Good," and applause.] I was about to say, I suppose I understand it. [Laughter—Voices: "That you do," "You thoroughly understand it."] What I did, I did after very full deliberation, and under a very heavy and solemn sense of responsibility. [Cries of "Good," "Good," "Bless you," and applause.]

I can only trust in God I have made no mistake. [Cries "No mistake—all right; you've made no mistakes yet. Go ahead, you're right."] I shall make no attempt on this occasion to sustain what I have done or said by any comment. [Voices—"That's unnecessary; we understand it."] It is now for the country and the world to pass judgment on it, and, may be, take action upon it. I will say no more upon this subject. In my position I am environed with difficulties. [A voice—"That's so."]

Yet they are scarcely so great as the difficulties of those who, upon the battle-field, are endeavoring to purchase with their blood and their lives the future happiness and prosperity of this country. [Applause, long and continued.] Let us never forget them. On the 14th and 17th days of the present month there have been battles bravely, skillfully and successfully fought. [Applause.] We do not yet know the particulars. Let us be sure that in giving praise to particular individuals, we do no injustice to others. I only ask you, at the conclusion of these few remarks, to give three hearty cheers to all good and brave officers and men who fought those successful battles.

Cheer after cheer greeted this invitation, when the President bade the crowd good-night and withdrew.

The Secretary of the Treasury Serenaded.

Speech of Mr. Chase—The procession then proceeded to the residence of Secretary Chase. After being cheered, the gentleman appeared upon the steps. Several voices called for gas-light, to which request he said he was afraid that all the light the assemblage would have this evening would be the light reflected from the great act of the President. [Cheers.] He understood that they had just paid their respects to the Chief Magistrate of the Republic, to thank him for the issuing a proclamation which will find a response in the hearts of the American people.

No one, he said, can rejoice more sincerely in the belief that the judgment you have expressed will be the judgment of the entire people of the United States. [Cries of yes, and applause.] I am better accustomed to work than to speak; I love acts better than words. [Voice. That's it. That you do. You've shown it.] But nothing has given me more sincere pleasure than to say amen to this last great act of the Chief Magistrate. [To this amen there was a warm and spontaneous response from the crowd.] It is the dawn of a new era, and although the act was performed from an imperative sense of duty, qualified by a military exigency which gave him power to perform it, it is nevertheless, though baptized in blood, an act of humanity and justice. The latest generations will celebrate it. [A voice. The whole world!] Yes! the whole world will pay honor to the man who executed it.

If it were necessary to say another word, it is that the time has come when all jealousies, all divisions, all political aims and aspirations, should be banished, so that united we may all stand by the integrity of the republic. Let him have the most of our approbation, and applause, and confidence, who does the most, whether in the field or in the cabinet, for his country. Dismissing all of the past, let us look to the future, and henceforth let there be no dissensions. Let us do nothing but work for the country, which God, in His providence, has called upon us to do.

The above is merely the substance of the Secretary's remarks, which were applauded throughout.

Speech of Hon. Cassius M. Clay.

Hon. Cassius M. Clay was the next speaker. In the course of his remarks he expressed his thanks for the applause with which his name was greeted. The time had now come, he said, when the line had been unmistakably drawn between freedom and slavery, and when the principles declared in '76 were boldly enunciated. The right was always expedient, and hence he was gratified beyond utterance by the issue of the President's proclamation. The man who did not stand by it was a traitor. It was a proclamation in behalf of down-trodden humanity, and would find its way all over the South and everywhere, liberating all the oppressed of both races in this country.

He anticipated good effects from it also in Europe. No man dared to stand up in the defence of slavery. But to make the proclamation effective, we must all work by the means of our armies now contending against an aristocracy which wins sympathy in Europe among those who hate a republican government.

In the conclusion of his remarks, which were somewhat prolonged, he united in the prayer of Horace Greeley, "God bless Abraham Lincoln!"

Attorney-General Bates was also the recipient of a serenade, and made a few remarks expressive of his thanks for the compliment.

WHEN THE WAR WILL END.

When President-making no longer is thought of;
When army contractors are hanged or all bought off;
When war-office red-tape is cut up for *wadding*;
When "West Point" forgets half its pipe-clay and squadding;
When Colonels don't toady and Brigadiers creep not,
And fools over sensible officers leap not;
When Generals no longer of Generals get jealous,
And the President don't meet all men as "half-fellows"—
Then, perhaps, with the aid of five hundred more millions,
And a *single pulse* beating through Northern civilians,
We shall wake up IN EARNEST, and play war no more,
And our Union—God bless it!—in six months restore! —*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

☞ A few days ago, a missionary visited the camp of the Sixteenth Connecticut regiment, in Hartford, for the purpose of giving the soldiers some spiritual advice. He went up to one tent, where stood a private, and said to him: "My friend, do you love the Lord?" "No." "Don't love the Lord?" "No." Whereupon the missionary gave the young man some excellent and appropriate advice, and left him a tract. Passing on to another tent, he came across another member of the regiment. "Do you love the Lord?" "Yes." "I have some tracts; would you like some to distribute?" "Yes, I should be very glad to receive them and pass them around among my companions." "I am happy," said the missionary, "to find so true a Christian gentleman as yourself. At a tent just below here, I met a young man and asked him if he loved the Lord, and he said 'no.'" "Said what?" "He said 'no.'" "He did, did he! why, I thought the d—d fool knew better!" The missionary was heard to say that Hartford county furnished some very doubtful Christians for her regiment.

☞ Strange but true is it to remark that, in the midst of all such tremendous convulsions as wars, battles, sieges, rebellions, and other martial conflagrations, men and women and children do eat and drink, and love and marry, and at last die and turn to dust, precisely as though the world—or rather the concerns of that gross orb—were all going on in their ordinary jog-trot manner.

HOOD'S POETIC PUNS.

"Of *course*, a race-course isn't *coarse*,
A *fine* is far from *fine*;
It is a saddening sight to see
A noble *pine*-tree *pine*."

"A kitchen *maid* is often *made*
To burn her face, or broil it;
A lady will do little else
Than *toil*-it at her *toilet*."

"A sea-horse is a sea-horse
When you *see* him in the *sea*;
But when you see him in the *bay*,
A *bay* horse then is he."

☞ For the Prince of Wales there are, under the British constitution, but seven eligible brides in all the world! Poor fellow, no one could blame him if he should smash the constitution and go in on the by-laws!

☞ The doctrine called *destiny* by Napoleon, and *philosophical necessity* by Priestly, and *divine decrees* by Calvin, assuming in each mind characteristic modifications, indicated by the name which each assigned to it, is a doctrine which often nerves to the most heroic and virtuous endeavors, and which is also capable of the most awful perversion.

☞ The politicians in the state of Maine are beginning to appreciate "Women Rights." At the late election Miss Jane H. Shaw, of Bath, was elected Register of Deeds for the County of Sagadahoc, and Mrs. Harriet K. R. Irish, of Gorham, was the "regular Democratic candidate" for the same office in Cumberland county, but was beaten in the race by a Republican in pantaloons.

☞ Sir John Collier, the miser, used to return thanks that he had been born on the 29th of February, because then he only kept his birth day every fourth year.

☞ It is somewhat singularly fitting that to the query, "Is pity love?" the anagrammatic answer is, "*Positively.*"

☞ Major-General Sumner entered the army as a private, and rose through all ranks to the highest. The late General Kearney was not a West Point graduate. He entered the army as a volunteer.

THE WEATHER.—This inexhaustible topic of conversation, it seems, is tabooed to the Sandwich Islanders. There is scarcely a place on the globe which has a temperature so equable as that of those happy isles. The diurnal range of the thermometer in Honolulu is twelve degrees, and during twelve years the extremes of temperature in the shade were 90 degrees and 53 degrees; the entire range during that long period not exceeding 37 degrees. Indeed, so *invisible* is the subject of the weather to the islanders, that their language has no word to express the general idea! One wonders what the natives find to talk about in their casual meetings. Think of our farmers having no opportunity to grumble at the weather! It is no doubt pleasant to bask in the "bright sunny lapse of a long summer day" in that delicious climate, but after all one wants something to talk about. Rather than be deprived of the pleasure of railing at the weather we go in for our north-easters, big snow-storms, and freezing cold days when the mercury sinks to 25 degrees below zero!

LATEST NEWS.

Dispatch from Gen. Pope.

The following dispatch has been received:

HEADQUARTERS OF ARMY OF THE SOUTHWEST, ST. PAUL, MINN., Sept. 26, 1862.—*To Major General Halleck, General-in-Chief.*—Dispatches from Col. Sibley, just received, state that a sharp engagement had occurred with Sioux, near Yellow Medicine. Abont 80 Indians were killed, and many wounded. Our loss was 5 killed and 34 wounded. The Indians fell back toward Laginpale. Sibley is following. (Signed) JOHN POPE, Major-General.

The Issue of Stamps.

By chapter 163, sec. 29, of the acts of the 27th Congress, it is provided that no instrument of paper issued prior to the 1st of Jan., 1863, without being stamped, shall be deemed invalid on that account. Suits for recovering the penalty can only be instituted by the collectors. Hence, if the stamps are not ready for use on the 1st of October, no injury or loss will result to the public. It is expected, however, that the stamps for the leading purposes will be ready by Wednesday, or soon after, and the use of stamps will be required whenever the department is prepared to furnish them.

Miscellaneous.

President Lincoln now rides to and from his summer residence to the White House under the escort of a guard.

The number of killed, wounded and missing of the battle of Antietam is officially stated to foot up 8,428.

The corps of Gen. Sigel has been largely reinforced within the past fortnight, and it is whispered that he is now on the track of the enemy not far from Warrenton.

Gen. Burnside's corps d'armee had not, up to the latest dispatches, crossed into Virginia.

Forces of rebels to the number of 12,000, under Headman and Rains, are reported to be at Granby Mines, a town in Newton county, Mo., near the Arkansas line. General Schofield is preparing to march against them.

The guerilla war in Kentucky continues. A body of rebels was routed and one of their number killed by the Union cavalry at Middletown.

The southern conscription act is being rigidly enforced around Lexington and other points occupied by the rebels.

The town of Augusta, Kentucky, has been burned by the rebel cavalry. It is a small town on the Ohio river, about forty miles from Cincinnati.

A dispatch from Carlisle says that the Cumberland Valley Railroad is not accountable for the recent smash up and loss of life on that road, it having been under the control of the Government since the 21st inst.

The ram Queen of the West, accompanied by two transports, with troops and artillery, made a reconnoissance down the Mississippi recently to Uru, 40 miles below the mouth of the Arkansas. It was fired into by rebels at Prentiss and at Island No. 76. The firing was returned and 27 of the rebels were killed. Our forces landed and burned the town. Our loss was three killed and several wounded.

BOSTON, Sept. 27.—The quotas of troops under both calls of the President have been filled by the state of Maine, by volunteering, and all have been in camp since the 15th.—They will be ready to move as soon as uniformed and equipped.

HARRISBURG, Sept. 27.—As many volunteers in lieu of the draft are now being raised throughout the state, it is proper that the means by which transportation can be provided should be made public; a clause in General Orders, No. 121 of the War Department, provides as follows:—"The Commissioner will accompany the men to camp, taking the control of them, providing for their transportation by railroad or steamboat when practicable, and, where it is necessary to march, he may provide a reasonable amount of transportation for the provision and baggage of the men. The expenses of the transportation will be paid by the Quartermaster's Department of the United States on duplicate bills, certified by the Commissioner."

THE POSITIONS OF THE TWO ARMIES—THE MAIN BODY OF THE ENEMY AT WINCHESTER—OUR ARMY ABOUT TO MOVE.—Gen. McClellan still had his headquarters near Sharpsburg yesterday, when Sumner occupied Bolivar Heights, Williams (late Banks' corps) the Maryland Heights, and Burnside's artillery forded the river at Harper's Ferry. The new pontoon bridge was doubtless finished last night, and we believe Burnside's infantry crossed upon it this forenoon. Much of the rest of McClellan's army was yesterday in the immediate vicinity of Williamsport.

Our pickets occupy the country in Virginia three miles out from Harper's Ferry, where they met those of the rebels. The latter are believed to have but an inconsiderable force—mere picket guards—near that point, and to be in force principally at Winchester. It is evident to us that there will be a movement on McClellan's part as soon as his army is properly supplied by the Quartermaster's Department, &c. Our troops are in the best possible spirits, and eager again to get at the rebels, who must be suffering dreadful torments under the influence of the sharp, cold nights of that region at this season upon their half clothed and fed bodies. Another week of such nights as they experienced there, doubtless, last night, will compel them either to attack or move south, it strikes us.—*Washington Star.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

The steamer Anglo-Saxon brings five days later news from Europe.

Garibaldi's health is somewhat worse.

The Polish nobles at Warsaw, have adopted an address offensive to the government.

Paris correspondents of the London papers say that Napoleon will undoubtedly favor the recognition of the southern confederacy, and that Count Mercier has been ordered to make an attempt to put an end to the war, for the sake of humanity.

The London Times indulges in another fling at America. It argues that the Federal government is brought to the verge of ruin, and generally applaudes the South and derides the North.

It is reported that the rebels are building a ram on the Mersey. They have also purchased a number of vessels.

☞ Dr. Mackay, the American correspondent of the London Times since Russell was driven away home, tells one lie in a recent letter, which beats anything accomplished by his predecessor. He states that the dead were so numerous in McClellan's army on the Chickahominy that they were every night piled in heaps and burned by the thousand, lighting up the whole horizon by the light of these human torches! Anything more, Doctor?

☞ A NEW LOAN.—"I say, Jack," shouted a Smithfield drover the other day, "these sheep wont move in this weather; lend us a bark of your dog, will you?"

JESSIE'S HAIR.

I was looking through a drawer
Filled with letters dim and old,
Some brimmed o'er with love and kindness,
Others very calm and cold.

They who wrote them far are scattered—
Some beyond the restless sea—
Some are on the western prairies,
One beneath the cocoa-tree.

There were letters warm and loving,
But as years away have flown,
Those same hearts forgot to love me—
Lips and letters changed their tone.

When from out a folded paper
Dropped a tress of glossy hair;
Twined about by faded ribbon
Was this lock, so soft and fair.

Ah! it stirred my heart's deep fountains,
And the tears brimmed up apace,
For it brought so plain before me
Jessie's loving, earnest face.

Years gone by she sent this token
From her home beside the sea,
Folded up as I had found it,
With the words, "Remember me."

Now she sleeps without awaking,
Underneath the valley's sod;
Our poor Jessie's earth-tired spirit
Rests for ever with her God.

But of all old friend's mementoes,
Kind or loving, rich or rare,
None have so much power to move me
As this lock of Jessie's hair.

For it seems as though I held here
Of her very self a part—
Better far than book or letter,
Though the words came from the heart.

Olden memories throng about me,
From my lips escapes a prayer,
As I sit in dusky twilight,
With dead Jessie's golden hair.

JENNY LEITCH.

SANTA; OR, A WOMAN'S TRAGEDY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN I LOVED, AND THE WOMAN THAT LOVED ME."

CHAPTER IV.

"I will tell you my history," she began, "and you shall judge me. You will find that—

Toute ma philosophie
N'est qu'un desespoir accepte.

"Till the age of sixteen I was as happy as a human being could be. I was an only daughter, and from some delicacy of constitution which required constant care, I was not sent, as usual, to a convent, but received a kind of rambling, desultory education at home. My father taught me to read, my mother to embroider, my brother to sing. I was much loved, and the indulgence I met with may perhaps have fostered my natural self-will; and yet, in the expansion which is so easy to a nature developed under genial circumstances, there is an advantage which outweighs all evils.

"I was sheltered, fostered, cherished, and I grew up to love, to confide, and to trust. I was proud, passionate, and impatient, but I was affectionate, truthful, and generous. I loved all around with the fervor of a warm heart and innocent nature.

"When I was sixteen there occurred a great misfortune in our happy home. My brother is ten years older than I am, and a circumstance I was then ignorant of caused a change in his fate. He met with a love disappointment. A beautiful girl whom he passionately loved married another man. That woman has been, directly or indirectly, the bane of my life. I never saw her, and it is strange to think of the evil I owe to her. She married a Sicilian named Serrano, and went with him to Vienna. This grief entirely changed my brother's nature. He became stern, morose, severe, even to me. A total disbelief in the goodness and in the principles of women took the place of his former indulgence and kindness. He took orders as a priest, and in a few months his great talents, his fiery enthusiasm, and indomitable will made him recognized as one of the most promising young ecclesiastics of the Court of Rome. He became absorbed in politics. One of his favorite dreams was, to make use of the influence of Austria to deepen and extend the Papal power. He became personally ambitious; he seemed pleased at the promise of my beauty, and would talk a good deal of the necessity of a Colonna making a great alliance. It was about this time that his intercourse with political characters introduced him to the Austrian minister at Rome, the Count Rabenfels. He brought him to our house. Count Rabenfels was struck with my appearance, and, though thirty years my senior, did not hesitate to make proposals for me to my parents. My father and mother were pleased with my brilliant prospects. However unworldly for themselves, parents are often worldly for their children; but they left the decision to me. To me it seemed impossible, for the simple reason that to make any change in the life I had led hitherto, appeared out of the question. No other objection entered my head.

"I was free and light-hearted as a child. The manners, the appearance, the conversation of Count Rabenfels were all in his favor. He was so much in love that he entirely waived the question of dowry. He was so enormously rich that the few thousand scudi of a Roman girl's portion was immaterial to him. I do not know how far these advantages would have influenced my father alone, but, when backed by my brother they became irresistible. His strong and pertinacious support of the alliance imposed it on my parents as a duty. He assured them that I myself would be grateful for having it enforced upon me. He said that my ignorance and inexperience were the only motives of my opposition. He talked to me, and as, after all, my objections were to the marriage and not to the bridegroom, it was not difficult to overrule them. I consented with some girlish reluctance and some girlish pleasure in the very natural gratification of giving pleasure to others. All were delighted; and I received as my reward the most submissive and flattering homage from the stately and dignified man, who was certainly then the most powerful personage at Rome. All my young friends envied me, and vied with each other in assuring me I was the happiest girl in the world. I was bewildered by the rapidity of the preparations for my marriage, and kept in a constant state of excitement. My brother never left me; he was kinder to me than ever. There was but one dissenting voice—that of an aunt—a sister of my father's, the abbess of the Convent of 'Le Vive Sepolte' in Rome.

"I was taken to receive her blessing, as was usual once a year, but the time was anticipated for this purpose on account of my marriage. She saw me alone. For some time she was silent. She looked at me fixedly.

"'What capacities for enjoyment,' she said, 'are here! and also what capacities for suffering! Child! is it too late to retract?'

"'I am to be married the day after to-morrow, dear aunt,' I replied; 'but why retract? Everyone is pleased, and I am happy.'

"'Are you happy only because they are pleased?'

"'Yes.'

"'Then you marry a man you do not love—poor, poor Santa!'

"I do not know what there was in her voice and in her look, but I felt the blood rise slowly to my forehead, and a suffocating sensation swelled at my heart. In that oratory, vowed to penance, mortification, and prayer, and by that austere woman, emaciated and worn down by fasts and vigils, the first veil was lifted which, till then, had concealed the mysteries of my being. The great needs of my nature rose apparent. I was psychologised as it were. I saw unutterable things—I heard unspeakable words; dimly the beatitude of love was made manifest. It was but for a moment. I was still kneeling on the cushion at my aunt's feet. She leant forward in her high carved oak chair, holding my hands and looking into my face. Deep under her brows gleamed her dark eyes, piercing yet sad. The story of a repressed life could be read there. A restless eagerness lay coiled in their depths; but round the pale, discolored lips there was a great sweetness and repose, and the forehead though very wan was majestic in its calm. There might still be struggle and regret, but she had overcome. I did not at once analyse all this, but the impression made on me I shall never forget. I afterwards learnt, by a bitter experience, to account for and understand, the fierce, unsatisfied longing which was the Promethean torture of this wasted life—that hunger and thirst for human love to which some are condemned.

"'Poor child,' she at last said, 'what a fate!'

"'But indeed I shall be happy,' I replied; and I looked round the room as if I would have said, 'You can scarcely judge here.'

"She smiled mournfully.

"'Santa! there are "Vive Sepolte" in the world as well as in the cloister. My youth, womanhood, and age have been passed here. What I have suffered, God alone knows; and yet, at the very time when I suffered most, I knew there were griefs I should have found harder to bear. I have thought so much on this very subject—a woman's destiny. I have written many pages on it. When I am dead they shall be sent to you.'*

"'But now, my dear child, I must give you my gift, too.' She went to a small carved cabinet, and took out of it an old-fashioned ornament. It was a cross, anchor, and heart; but instead of the hackneyed motto of Love, Faith, and Hope, inscribed on it in pearls, sapphires, and carbuncles, were the words—*Volere, Sapere, Ardire*, To will, to know, to dare. She clasped it on my arm, and then kissed my forehead and lips. 'I bless you, my child; remember my one counsel to you, is—*Be true.* All else is scarcely in our power—passions, temptations, circumstances, may overcome us; but there is one thing in the power of all—Truth.' She again looked me steadfastly in the face, and murmured: 'Both the shadow and the light—both the curse and the blessing are there. What a sensitive mouth, what a firm forehead! the eyes, too, are of that royal shape which contains so many tears.'† I never saw her again.

"I married. I had not been married three months, and was still surprised and confused by my new duties, when I lost my mother. She died happily, with her hand in mine, thinking she left me safely sheltered and protected. My father survived her but a week; they had been married thirty years. Her life was the mainspring of his; without her the machine stopped.

"It was while suffering from the sorrow of these bereavements that I began to awake to the cold, selfish character of my husband. At first he was politely sympathetic, but soon my continued dejection bored him. My brother was appealed to. He would come occasionally and preach resignation to me. I was disappointed in him also. I began to realize the hardness of his character. His views of life and the world jarred upon me. He and my husband talked in a manner that was entirely incomprehensible to me. All private ties or duties were ignored. Life was to be used for public and political purposes only; state intrigues were the aim of existence—expediency its principle. A dreadful loneliness seemed to grow around me. I began to feel like the child whose fairy gifts all withered in her grasp. A husband, a brother, a gay and brilliant circle of which I was the centre,—and yet I was alone.

"We went to Vienna about eighteen months after my marriage. I was nearly nineteen and in the bloom of such beauty as I possessed. My Italian face pleased. My manners were more impulsive and animated than was the conventional mode at Court, and I became the fashion. My husband was enchanted at the admiration I received, childishly so, as it seemed to me. It mortified me that he should seem to value me more, because others appreciated his choice. How much I had to learn!

"I used to rise early, and till our late breakfast read with avidity all which fell into my way. Music I was a proficient in, but books were a new treasure. I rarely saw my husband alone. He was engaged with his letters and despatches, and our conversation was usually monosyllabic. There was something arid and monotonous in this way of life. Sometimes a poem, a song, a picture would rouse me from my lethargy, and I had a brief vision of what life might be—but it was transitory. I would look at my bracelet and wonder at its signification.

"'How can women will, know, and dare?' I would ask myself.

"I was as bandaged in mind as our Italian babes are in body; my perceptions were free—but all my other faculties were dormant.

"I was a great favorite in the circle in which I moved. The highest personage in it looked upon me with a favor which placed me high in the admiration of all.

"One day, my husband informed me he was obliged to return to Rome. To my infinite surprise he said I was to remain at Vienna with his sister.

"'Impossible, Ferdinand! I beseech you to let me go with you.' (I had still a childish regard and confidence in him.)

"'It is impossible, *mon enfant*,' he said. 'I go for a very short time—it will be more convenient for me to live *en garcon* while at Rome. There, there, never mind; you must amuse yourself as much as you can here. Your poor husband has the cares of life, you see, but he leaves you its joys.'

"I looked steadfastly in my husband's face.

"There was an expression of irony he could not control! I must say he had not much of the hypocrite about him. I do not know whether he read incipient rebellion in my eyes; for he assumed a stern look, and said:

"'It is my wish, Santa, that you remain,' and left the room.

"I was too timid to follow him, but my heart swelled as if it would burst. I had a vague sense of wrong, and yet what had I to complain of? I felt I must appear unreasonable and exacting.

"I did not again see my husband till that evening at Court. The Emperor was even more gracious than usual. He spoke to me of Rome, mentioned his intention of going to Venice and Milan, in short I saw I was more than usually distinguished by him this evening. I read it in the countenances around. I read it still more distinctly in my husband's face, as our eyes met, after a pause in my conversation with my sovereign. His eyes flashed with conscious pride, and rested on me, with a delight he could not conceal. Still when we retired, and he led me to the carriage, there was the same expression of irony on his face, that I had seen in the morning. The clever man of the world was, however, too clever. He did not understand the innocence and guilelessness of my nature. He thought my womanly vanity had been pleased at the homage I had received, and that I had already forgotten my wish of the morning. When we reached home, he said:

"'I will now take leave of you. I go so early to-morrow that I should not like to disturb you.'

"'Ferdinand, I entreat you to take me with you. I do not like being left alone.'

"'Alone, when you are surrounded by friends and admirers! You had quite a triumph to-night.'

"'I care for no triumph, but to please you. Let me go with you!'

"'How beautiful you are!' he said, admiringly, 'there is a power of expression in your countenance I have seen in no other—but you must be very prudent.'

"He took my arm; on it I wore my aunt's bracelet.

"'This is your motto,' he said. '*Volere, Sapere, Ardire.* It is a wise one, act upon it.'

"I threw myself at his feet.

"'Ferdinand,' I said, 'I beseech you, let me go with you!'

"'This is madness. Scenes are my aversion. I do not understand all this pertinacity and passion. It is my will that you should stay.'

"He raised me, placed me on the sofa, touched my forehead with his lips, and was gone.

"I was deeply wounded. I felt the indifference such conduct showed.

"Two months passed. I led the same life as hitherto, I was not unhappy. I enjoyed the diversions usual to my age; but there were times when I asked myself, 'Will this go on for ever? Does life afford nothing higher, greater, more absorbing?'

"My success at Court increased daily. I was more and more drawn into its most intimate circle. My husband's sister accompanied me everywhere; but accidentally, or from design, I was always left alone, the centre of some charmed line of demarkation at all Court festivities, which set me apart from all but one. That one showed me a kindness which I had the folly to mistake for a real honest regard. My inexperience, however, delayed the catastrophe.

"I was not one of those women who can play with love, and accept it from any man who offers it; who take possession of a life as they would of a jewel, to wear or cast aside, and as long as they preserve a personal fidelity to their husband, fancy they do no wrong. I had dreams of something different from the calm sentiment of affection which hitherto was all I had experienced or inspired; and hoped that my husband would some day see in me more than the inexperienced child he had married for her beauty, and would learn to love me as I felt I could love him; but I sought nothing else. The love now offered me had no characteristic by which I could recognize it as the passionate emotion of which I had dreamed. It was simply pleasant. A sentiment, not a feeling. My tastes were sympathised with and understood, my opinions consulted, and I had that delightful consciousness that the best construction was put upon all I did and said, which gives a woman so much security, and doubles whatever power of charming she may have. I said to myself, 'It is sweet to have a friend.' The exalted position of this friend mingled my gratitude with a feeling of reverence (I had been educated in the most old-fashioned notions of loyalty), which gave an exaltation to my manner which was at last misunderstood.

"It was one evening at a masked ball to which I went as Night, crescent on head and bow in hand, that the declaration, which had been probably predicted by Court gossips for more than a month past, was made. A mask hovered about me for some time, and then drew me to a conservatory which opened from the ball room. It was the Emperor. He threw aside the careless light tone he had hitherto accustomed me to, and confessed a passion which had enough of truth in it to knock loudly at my heart. I had never till then heard that voice. Yes, I felt I was loved, though I did not love. It was bitter-sweet!

"'Why do you look at me so searchingly?' he said; 'I ask for nothing but the simple assurance that I am not indifferent to you—my great love will sooner or later win a return. Beautiful and beloved, answer me.'

"I started. I felt I had forgotten myself in a strange musing to have allowed this to go so far; and to his infinite surprise, for I saw it in his face, I neither blushed nor faltered, but knelt in my turn, I gravely kissed his hand, and laid it on my forehead (such was the custom at this Court at an audience of farewell), and then I rose, and without a word left the room. He had understood me, and sprang after me.

"'Where are you going?'

"'To my husband.' And then, seeing the mortification and pain of his countenance, I added, 'Forget, as I have already forgotten.'

"The next morning by sunrise I was on my way to Rome. I travelled day and night. At length the great Dome rose before me in the purple sky. O Patria! It all seemed like a dream.

"The carriage drove to a house in the Corso, where my husband had an apartment. It was evening; through the half-closed windows I could see lights. He was at home. I went up-stairs. In the ante-room I met and recognized the German valet who was always in his service. He started back as if he had seen an apparition.

"'Immediately,' he said, 'his Excellency should be informed of my arrival. But will the Countess come this way; my master is at dinner with some friends, but he will be at liberty immediately—will your ladyship come into this room and rest.'

"He showed me into a very sumptuous bed-room. Through the open doors I saw the drawing-room brilliantly lighted up, beyond was the dining-room. I threw myself on a chair and waited. Why did not my husband join me? A sound of loud gay conversation, tinkling glasses, and quick exclamations reached me through the closed doors. It was a convivial meeting evidently, and not one of the most refined character.

"At last Ferdinand entered, he looked annoyed.

"'Santa, what is the meaning of this?'

"I did not care for his coldness. In my youth and innocence I felt a sense of protection and confidence in my husband's presence, and in his home. I threw myself into his arms, I told him all. He started up, walked up and down the room with impatient exclamations in German, and at last drew me to the light, and looked at me from head to foot. His face cleared up.

"'Listen to me,' he said, gravely. 'I will forgive you, on condition that you return home to morrow;'—home, then, was not with him—'I will accompany you as far as the frontier.'

"'But—'

"'Do not answer me,' he said, imperiously. 'Take some refreshment and repose, and be ready to start at six.'

"'Ferdinand,' I said, passionately, 'have you understood me?'

"'Pshaw!'

"I looked into my husband's face; it was flushed. He had evidently taken a great deal of wine. He would not have spoken with so little caution under other circumstances. He was excited, and my sudden arrival perplexed him. I was so inexperienced that the shock of finding my grave distinguished husband one of a bacchanalian circle dispelled my illusions about him at once. He was cast down from his pedestal forever. The reaction from almost childlike respect to almost profound contempt was so great, that I was more indignant, more impetuous than I should otherwise have been.

"I wrung my hands.

"'Nonsense, I abhor scenes; you must, you shall return.'

"'Never.'

"'Are you mad?'

"'I will not return.'

"'Your vanity has turned your head; you speak treason, and you think treason—return, you shall.'

"'You shall not force me back where my honor is perilled.'

"'Your honor is my honor.'

"At these words the door was opened gently, and a woman with fair face, and blonde hair streaming in ringlets over her uncovered shoulders, small and light as a fairy, glided in. I knew her face. She was an actress whose name had been often coupled with my husband's before his marriage.

"'What is all this, Ferdinand?' she said; 'the coffee is cold. Excuse me,' turning to me, 'I did not see you;' and turning to him, asked in a low voice who I was.

"Before my husband could recover the vexation into which this apparition had thrown him, I was gone.

"'I understand him now,' I said, and drawing my mantle round me, was downstairs and half-way to the old Palazzo on the Palatine Hill before I again drew breath. The storm of passionate indignation with which I rushed through the moonlit streets of Rome had no grief in it. It is a sad awakening to real life, when an uncontrollable sense of wrong gives us the measure of our being. Like all persons of strong imagination, however, I somewhat exaggerated the wrong, and gave it a premeditation which was false. I imagined I had been left in Vienna purposely to free my husband from his conjugal duties, and that this woman was the cause. The truth was, I was left in Vienna because it was foreseen that my influence with the Emperor would become paramount. The Emperor himself had wished it—for I was too much in the habit of clinging to my husband for him to find it possible to make any impression on me, while the one I was always watching and thinking of, stayed beside me.

"My husband had not the deliberate villany of wishing me to be the Emperor's mistress. He had a certain faith in my principles, but he hoped there was enough of a coquette's instinct in my nature, to lead me to encourage, flatter, and profit by the feeling I had excited, without succumbing to it. How many women do this daily! It was friendship. And in the name of friendship a married woman can give herself so large a margin, she can take so much and give so little, if she be virtuous, (virtuous, God help me!) that he anticipated the realization of his most ambitious dreams through the Imperial favor bestowed on me. He was more contented, however, to be absent during this comedy, though it was to be performed '*en tout bien et en tout honneur.*' On returning to Rome he met with a former love, and had compensated to himself for his enforced celibacy by enjoying a great deal of the society of his bachelor friends and connections. I was not, however, jealous in the common acceptation of the word. I cared nothing for that blue-eyed little fairy. I would not have wronged her for worlds; but the door of my heart was closed against my husband forever!

"My brother's astonishment, when he saw me enter the room in which he was writing was extreme. I trembled from head to foot as I related to him what had happened. He listened to me thoughtfully. He saw that my pride, my sense of right, my self-respect had been outraged; but that this was not a grief which had cut at my heart-strings. He knew—he knew, alas!

"He was kind. A room was prepared for me, my own girlish room, and I was left to repose.

"What emotions of regret, tenderness, foreboding overcame me as I recognized the old familiar objects, the simple furniture, the faded tapestries. Eager, ardent, and impulsive as when I had last slept in that bed, what a world of thought, and what a difference of position separated me from the girl who had knelt before yonder image of the Virgin, and slept on this couch. I sobbed myself to sleep.

"I heard afterwards that my brother had sought my husband, and remonstrated strongly with him—on what? That he had not remained with me at Vienna, till my favor had been consolidated, my savage prudery softened, my girlish straight-laceduess corrected. Both the Churchman and the Ambassador, the brother and the husband, were prepared to take advantage, in the furtherance of their own selfish aims, of the magic wand which the poor beauty of the wife and sister was to have proved.

"The next morning they both sought me. I was calmer, but I was steadfast; to Vienna I would not return without my husband.

"'You must remain here, then.'

"'Never!' I said.

"'Never, Santa!'

"'Never. I should be disgraced—slandered—betrayed.'

"He bit his lip.

"'You will not return to Vienna—you will not stay here?'

"'I will return to Vienna with you.'

"'After this escapade *I* should be disgraced, I think. Listen to me,' he said, and he talked fast and eagerly for him; 'your vanity and inexperience have led you to make mountains of molehills. The Emperor admires you, so do many, why should they not? Why should I grudge your smiles to others, when your heart is mine? The influence you would have obtained by a simple and innocent acceptance of the homage offered to you (I say homage, nothing more,) would have served us all; a feather's weight has often turned the balance in which the destinies of nations have been weighed, a smile from you might have consolidated a line of policy which we statesmen have worked years to initiate.'

"Again that look of irony passed over his face.

"There was something dreadful to me in these cold-blooded allusions to all I held sacred.

"'Then you do not love me, or care for my love?'

"'You have a great deal to learn. This is not a question of love. I leave you at Vienna with my sister, and you make us all ridiculous by this flight to Rome. Your conduct will give rise to all sorts of suspicions and scandalous interpretations. You must return, or we shall be the laughing stock of the whole world.'

"'The world! Is there nothing else?' I answered, as I looked in his face, with a last appeal, 'must the world be always between us? do you aspire to nothing higher than court favor and influence? Is love nothing?'

"His countenance changed.

"'Child!' he said, sadly, 'I should have known you twenty years ago. It is too late now.'

"'You must decide,' interrupted my brother.

"'I have decided.'

"For two hours they combatted my resolve; I was firm. At last my husband's anger rose beyond all bounds.

"'Be it so,' he said, 'you will not stay here, you will not return to Vienna—there is only one other alternative. I have an aunt, the Chanoinesse Landsberg, who lives at Schloss-stein, eighty leagues from Vienna. She will receive you gladly. You shall pass the summer there. When you are tired of the retirement, write to me that you are willing to obey my wishes, and all shall be forgotten.'

"My brother approved. Defiance rose within me, but I was silent. In a few hours the carriage came; my husband handed me in, and bade me farewell. I have never seen him since." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

* I received a packet some years afterwards. I showed it to a celebrated French author, and it was published. It contains the most masterly and lucid exposition of woman's nature, position, and mission, considered physiologically, morally, and intellectually. There was too much boldness in it, in some respects;—too much hardness and severity in others. Still it was admirable; but written in too dry a style to become popular.—I. B.

† Chateaubriand.

PARADISI GLORIA.

"O frate mio! ciascuna è cittadina
D'una vera città—"

There is a city, builded by no hand,
And unapproachable by sea or shore,
And unassailable by any band
Of storming soldiery forevermore.

In that pure city of the living Lamb
No light shall shine of candle or of sun,
Or any star—but He who said "I Am,"
Shall be the Lamp, He and His Holy One.

Nor shall we longer spend our gift of time
In time's poor pleasures: doing needful things
Of work or warfare, merchandise or rhyme,
But we shall sit beside the silver springs

That flow from God's own footstool and behold
The saints and martyrs, and those blessed few
Who loved us once and were beloved of old,
To dwell with them and walk with them anew,

In alternations of sublime repose—
Musical motion—the perpetual play
Of every faculty that Heaven bestows,
Through the bright, busy, and eternal day.

HOW TO USE A BAROMETER.

The following are a few words of advice by a correspondent of Chambers's Journal in regard to taking care of the barometer. He says:—

It is an invaluable fact, and too often overlooked, that the state of the air does not show the present, but coming weather, and that the longer the interval between the barometric signs of change and the change itself, the longer and more strongly will the altered weather prevail; so, the more violent an impending storm, the longer warning does it give of its approach. Indications of approaching change of weather are shown less by the height of the barometer than by its rising or falling. Thus, the barometer begins to rise considerably before the conclusion of a gale, and foretells an improvement in the weather, though the mercury may still stand low. Nevertheless, a steady height of more than thirty inches is mostly indicative of fine weather and moderate winds. Either steadiness or gradual rising of the mercury indicates settled weather, and continued steadiness with dryness foretells very fine weather, lasting some time. A rapid rise of the barometer indicates unsettled weather; a gradual fall of one-hundredth of an inch per hour indicates a gradual change in the weather, and moderate rising of the wind; several successive falls, to the amount of one-tenth of an inch, indicates a storm eventually, but not a sudden one; and a gale if the fall continues. Three storms are not dangerous, as they can be long foretold; but a sudden fall of one-tenth of an inch betokens the quick approach of a dangerous tempest. Alternate rising and sinking (oscillation) indicates unsettled and threatening weather. When the barometer sinks considerably, much wind and rain will follow—from the northward, if the thermometer is low for the season; from the southward, if high. For observing barometric changes, the barometer should be placed at the eye level, out of the reach of sunshine and of artificial heat, as of fires, and out of the way of gusts of wind. It should be set regularly twice a day by a competent person. A card should be accessible close by, and on it should be registered the indication at each sitting.

THE WOVEN WIND.—One of the most characteristic manufactures of India is the fine Dacca muslin or "woven wind," as it has been called. So fine is this material that when laid upon the grass to bleach the dew makes it disappear. This used to be spun by native females who had been trained to it from their infancy. So nice was the sense of touch required for the spinning of this yarn, that they were constantly waited upon by a retinue of servants whose duty it was to relieve them of all menial offices which might endanger the fine tactual faculty which long practice and seclusion had bestowed on their delicate finger tips. Singularly enough, although the steam engine and spinning machine can produce far finer yarn than any that the fingers of Hindoo maiden ever spun, the English looms, in other respects so perfect, cannot weave the Daccan muslin. The fine yarns require to be taken back to India to be woven by hand into the flimsiest of tissues by the rudest and most primitive of all looms.

☞ BUSY-BODIES.—The late Lord Carlisle said:—"In private life I never knew any one interfere with other people's disputes but that he heartily repented of it."—*Selwyn.*

☞ Tailors are always remarkable for keeping the peace. They may quarrel over their cloth, but give them an order for a coat, and they will make it up directly.

THE LOOK BACK OF THE DEAD.

BY CHRISTINA ROSETTI.

When I was dead, my spirit turned
To see the much frequented house;
I passed the door and saw my friends,
Feasting beneath green orange boughs.
From hand to hand they pushed the wine,
They sucked the pulp of plum and peach;
They sang, they jested, and they laughed,
For each was fond of each.

I listened to their honest chat:
Said one, "To-morrow we shall be
Plodding along the featureless sands,
And coasting miles and miles of sea."
Said one, "Before the turn of tide
We will achieve the eyrie seat."
Said one, "To-morrow shall be like
To-day, but much more sweet."

"To-morrow," said they, strong with hope,
And dwelt upon the pleasant way;
"To-morrow," cried they, one and all,
But no one spoke of yesterday.
Then life stood full at blessed noon,
I, only I, had passed away.
"To-morrow and to-day," they cried;
I was of yesterday.

I shivered, comfortless, but cast
No chill across the table-cloth;
I, all forgotten, shivered, sad
To stay, and yet to part how loth!
I passed from the familiar room,
I who from love had passed away,
Like the remembrance of a guest
That tarrieth but a day.

MY DEAR ROSE.

A TALE OF JEALOUSY.

"Please, sir, that young person's called again," said Emma the housemaid.

"Ah!" answered Mr. Randall, as he deposited his umbrella in the stand, and proceeded to remove his mud-spattered gaiters. Mrs. Tozer, who was coming down stairs from her bedroom with the last volume of *Adam Bede* in her hand, overheard both remarks.

"Emma!" said she, as Mr. Randall passed through the back-door into the little garden to take one fond look before dinner at his cherry-tree, on which five excrescences like large green peas were visible—"Emma!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Where is Mr. Tozer?"

"He is not come in from his Turkish bath yet, ma'am."

"Hm! where is your mistress?"

"Upstairs with Miss Judkins, ma'am."

"Oh! the dressmaker. Emma," continued Mrs. Tozer, in a low confidential tone, "who was that young person that called on Mr. Randall?"

"I'm sure I don't know, ma'am," replied the servant, volubly. "The first time she come here, she was with master ever so long in the parlor, and she went out crying."

"Nice-looking?" inquired Mrs. Tozer.

"She was what some might call nice-looking," replied Emma, with a slight toss of her head.

"Well dressed?"

"Well, ma'am, she was decently dressed enough, but there was no style about her—only a plain straw bonnet, and ever so little crinoline."

Here the return of Mr. Randall from the garden put an end to the colloquy. Emma retired to the kitchen, while Mrs. Tozer sailed into the drawing-room.

"Well, uncle," said Alfred Randall as the party were comfortably seated at dinner, "how do you get on with the bathing?"

"Capitally, my dear boy," replied Mr. Tozer. "I look upon Urquhart as the greatest benefactor of the present generation. I should like to see a statue of him in Trafalgar Square, with a what's his name in his hand."

"A what's his name?" asked Mrs. Randall.

"I mean one of those things the Romans used to scrape themselves with."

"Mr. Tozer, how can you!" said Mrs. Tozer, reproachfully.

"Oh! a *strigil*," exclaimed Alfred, with a laugh. "But do you think you are losing flesh?"

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Tozer, "I'm sure you're fatter than ever, and your face is dreadfully red."

"My love," rejoined her husband, "you're getting unpleasantly personal. Krakbax, my rubber, says it's entirely owing to the removal of the useless epidermis—you see the natural tint of the skin."

"Well, for taking down superfluous flesh, there's nothing like regular drill," said Alfred; "why don't you join the Volunteers, uncle?"

"Too stout, my boy," sighed Mr. Tozer, patting himself below the bosom. "I couldn't stand that skirmishing business. Double-quick march, drop on your knee, and fire; I should never get up again. I should remain in a supplicatory attitude for the rest of my life, unless helped up by the adjutant."

Mrs. Tozer watched her nephew narrowly during dinner-time, fancying she perceived an air of distraction and anxiety beneath his apparent hilarity of manner.

At length the ladies retired to the drawing-room, while the gentlemen sat awhile over a modest bottle of claret.

"Uncle Harry, you're a good-natured man," said Alfred.

"Fat does not always imply good-nature—why do you make the remark?"

"Because I want you to do me a favor."

"Money, of course."

"Yes."

"How much?"

"A very moderate sum—thirty pounds for three months."

"My dear boy, I can't do it without asking Mrs. Tozer."

"That's just what I don't want. Aunt is an excellent creature, but deeply infected, my dear uncle, with the feminine weakness of curiosity."

"She is indeed," sighed Mr. Tozer. "Then it's for a secret purpose?"

"Well, in some respects," said Alfred, coloring—"it's an act of charity."

"You see, my boy," answered Mr. Tozer, "the state of the case is this: both our incomes are very limited. Mine, less income-tax, is three hundred and fifty per annum; yours, from the Assurance Company, two hundred. Your aunt considers our living with you a material assistance, although—"

"Can't you let me have the thirty pounds in advance for your board and lodging?"

"Alfred, I must confess to you a melancholy fact—I am a henpecked man. Not a cheque do I venture to draw without submitting it to your aunt. Mrs. Tozer's of a most jealous disposition, and she would fancy, if she spied an unknown draft for thirty pounds in the pass-book, that it was to pay for Star and Garter dinners to ballet-dancers, or some such absurdity. I deeply lament," continued Mr. Tozer, "that we have never had a family. If I had had half a score of boys and girls, instead of vegetating on this miserable funded property, I should have gone on working away in the city. A true Englishman should die in harness. And the worst of it is, I get no sympathy. When I go down to my old haunts in the city, everybody says: 'Ah, Tozer, what a jolly-looking, comfortable, lucky fellow you are! No brats to bother you, no business to worry you—don't I envy you!' Alfred, at times I feel desperate, as if I should like to break loose, plunge into scenes of low life, and defy your aunt! Well, my boy, I'll think over this money-matter to-morrow."

To-morrow came, and the family were seated at breakfast, when the postman's double-knock was heard at the door.

"Let me be postman!" cried little Harry Randall, racing out to the front-door, and taking the letters from Emma. He ran in, and knocked an imitation double-knock at the parlor-door.

"Come in," said Mrs. Randall.

"I'm penny-postman—I'm penny-postman!" exclaimed Harry, distributing the letters impartially among the company, without regard to their addresses.

"Harry, this is for your papa," said Mrs. Tozer, handing back a remarkably dirty letter which the little boy had given her: "dear me, it smells like a stable!"

"Oh!" murmured Alfred, deep in the *Daily Telegraph*, and apparently not heeding the last remark. He thrust the letter unopened into his pocket, and went on reading.

After breakfast, Mrs. Tozer retired to the bow-window with *Adam Bede* in her hand, and began to play with little Harry.

"So you'd like to be a postman, Harry?"

"Yes, Aunt Susan."

"Why?"

"Because they're dressed like soldiers. Emma knows a soldier; I saw him in the kitchen, and he taught me to do this," said Harry, *making a military salute.*

"But a postman isn't a gentleman, Harry."

"Would papa shake hands with me if I was a postman?" asked Harry, in a melancholy tone.

"Why, what a funny question," said his aunt, laughing.

"But a postman's better than a cabman," continued Harry.

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Tozer decisively, with a shuddering recollection of sundry battles-royal with members of that fraternity.

"Well, Emma and me saw papa shake hands with a cabman in the Alpha Road, and Emma said: 'My patience, if ever I see the likes of that!'"

"Now, Harry, no more play; run and get your lesson-book."

Harry scampered off, while Mrs. Tozer glanced over the edge of *Adam Bede* at Mr. Randall, who was busily reading the dirty letter. He put it in his pocket, then drew the blotting-pad towards him, and began to write. He folded, enveloped, and stamped what he had written, put it also into his pocket, and in a quarter of an hour left the house for the city.

As soon as she heard the front-door slam, Mrs. Tozer rose. She was a well-meaning woman, but full of curiosity, and prone, from an habitual taste for novel-reading, to look for mysteries in the most common-place matters. She went to the table and examined the blotting-pad. Alfred's letter had been written with a quill pen and rather thick ink, and a good portion of it was distinctly impressed on the blotting-paper. She could make out that it was in answer to an urgent demand for money; but the commencement of the letter was what filled her with the greatest astonishment—"My dear Rose." The address of the envelope was illegible, save the last words, "Lisson Grove." She shut *Adam Bede*, and, utterly forgetful of the sorrows of Hetty, remained with her chin upon her hand for some moments in deep cogitation.

"My dear, any commands?" said Mr. Tozer, entering the room with hat and stick. "I'm going for a constitutional round the Regent's Park," and Mr. Tozer spun his hat round on his stick.

"Tozer," said his wife, "you're a perfect child. Ah, I wish I had your spirits! My love," continued she, with unwonted softness, "I want to speak to you."

Mr. Tozer placed two chairs in the centre of the room, then striking an attitude, exclaimed, with a strong theatrical twang, "Madam, say on. Some fifteen years have passed away—"

"Nonsense, Tozer; I begin to think you've been at the cherry brandy. What I want to know is this: have you observed anything curious about Alfred lately?"

"I noticed he wore a paper collar yesterday, which you won't allow me to do, although, I assure you, they're far cheaper."

"Mr. Tozer, you're distracting. I speak seriously on a serious subject; now answer me!"

"Well, no. I can't say. Hm—I thought he was rather strange in his manner about that letter this morning."

"Ha!" said his wife, "so I thought. My dear Henry," she continued in an awful voice, "that letter was from a WOMAN!"

"By jingo!" cried Mr. Tozer, leaping up, "you don't say so; that accounts for the loan."

"Tozer, you've not lent Alfred money," said his wife sternly.

"Well, my love—"

"Tozer, you have: let me see your cheque-book."

"My dearest, on my honor, I've not; he only asked me—"

"And you refused, of course."

"Of course I did," said Tozer valiantly.

"Were it not for poor Ellen, and the assistance we are to them in their housekeeping, I should go at once into furnished lodgings," continued Mrs. Tozer; "but—"

"But are you sure of his guilt?" faltered Mr. Tozer.

"Mr. Tozer, in this world we are sure of nothing; but although I am a woman, I have brains, and a web of circumstantial evidence is lowering over poor Alfred's head, which may blow his character to pieces," answered Mrs. Tozer, distorting her metaphors. "Thus much I may tell you: a woman, Christian name Rose, surname unknown, has twice called here on Alfred. She was seen in tears after an interview with him; she writes to him for money; he replies in affectionate terms; finally (to judge from the odor of her letter), she lives in a mews near Lisson Grove."

Mr. Tozer kissed his wife's hand, in pure admiration of her intellect. "My dear Susan, I'm not worthy of you; you ought to have married the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Well, I must be off to combat corpulence with brisk exercise."

After he had got clear of the street, and out of the range of his wife's vision, Mr. Tozer did not go into the Regent's Park, but turned his steps towards the city; in fact, he was determined to unravel this mystery unaided. His principal motive was to clear Alfred's character, for he could not believe that he was guilty of anything beyond some slight imprudence, but he was also not without a secret hope, perhaps, that his investigations might lead him into scenes of "life," from which he had been hitherto excluded. His plan of action was extremely simple. After walking leisurely into the city, he took up his quarters at the "Green Dragon," a respectable hotel and eating-house, the bow-windows on the first floor of which commanded a view of the entrance to his nephew's office. Here he took dinner, and then sat for two mortal hours, feeling like a sentinel on duty, with his legs on a second chair, a long pipe in his mouth, and a glass of warm gin and water at his side.

"This is not the way to decrease obesity," thought he; "but I may have some rough work before me, and nature must be supported."

At half-past four Alfred emerged from his office, little aware of the pair of Argus eyes which were watching his movements through a cloud of tobacco smoke, at the "Green Dragon." Mr. Tozer having, with praiseworthy acuteness, paid the waiter beforehand, descended the stairs with marvellous agility. Alfred strolled westward, taking the Holborn route. Mr. Tozer followed at about twenty yards' distance, feeling, as he afterwards confessed, very like a French spy; in constant terror lest Alfred should turn round and recognize him, to avoid which he was perpetually watching his nephew's head, and springing aside into courts and alleys, or squeezing himself against shop-doors, whenever it showed the least symptom of retroversion. As the Randalls lived in Camden Town, Mr. Tozer felt that Alfred's movements, on arriving at the corner of Tottenham Court Road, would decide whether he was going straight home. To our surprise, and, it must be confessed, his secret joy, the object of his pursuit steered due west, along Oxford Street. His pace became slower and slower, his bearing more objectless.

"No fear of his taking a cab," thought the uncle. Several times Alfred consulted his watch. "An appointment for which he's too early," surmised his acute pursuer.

Mr. Tozer was growing weary. He could endure steady walking as well as most stout gentlemen, but a slow, crawling, hanging-about-kind-of pace knocked him up. Alfred began to stare at every photographer's shop on the way, his unfortunate uncle afraid to come so near as to peer into the same window, hung in the rear, pretending to take the deepest interest in babies' underclothing, or staring like an overgrown school-boy at the tarts in a pastry-cook's. At last, Alfred reached the corner of Marylebone Lane, up which tortuous avenue he listlessly turned. Mr. Tozer followed cautiously, his flagging energies invigorated by this change in the line of route. Presently, a Hansom cab appeared in view, empty, and driven languidly along. The moment the driver perceived Alfred, he drew up to the curbstone. Alfred jumped into the cab, and was at once driven slowly away, in the direction of Paddington.

"This is no accidental cabman," said Mr. Tozer, as, with panting breath and purple face, he pursued the fugitive vehicle. "O lor!" he gasped, "I'm done for. I couldn't run it for a thousand pounds!"

Just then a Clarence cab passed, also going towards Paddington.

"Cabman! for mercy's sake, stop!" roared Mr. Tozer, waving his hat convulsively.

The driver looked astonished, and drew up to the pavement.

"Cabman! I'll give you half a sovereign; I want you to follow that Hansom."

"Lor bless you, sir, I'm choke-full of ladies for the G. W. R."

"Cab-driver, what is the matter?" said a frightened female with corkscrew curls, thrusting her head from the window.

"Nothin', mum; you're in plenty of time for the seven o'clock train—only a friend of mine, mum; jump on the box, sir."

"There he goes!" shouted Mr. Tozer as the Hansom turned the next street-corner.

The driver of the Clarence whipped his horse, and soon caught up the Hansom, which was going along in a very leisurely manner.

"There—not too near," said Mr. Tozer; "keep about twenty yards behind him."

"Why," said the cabman, "it's No. 2001, that's what it is. I don't mean his wehicle—I mean hisself. He's a man we call Philip the Scholar."

"Ay," replied Mr. Tozer, all attention.

"You see he's a man as has had a good edication; still, there he is driving a cab; and not given to drink neither. Why, I'm blest if he ain't going to the club," added the driver as the Hansom crossed the Marylebone Road, and turned up Lisson Grove. The Clarence followed.

"Driver, driver!" screamed the elderly lady from the interior, "this is shameful! I shall call a policeman. You are not going to the railway station."

"Lor bless your 'art and soul!" said the cabman, leaning beseechingly from his box, but not slackening his pace, "if I don't get you in time for the seven train, I'll eat my horse, nosebags, and all, let alone never asking you for my fare. It's only a particular friend of mine."

Mr. Tozer winced slightly at the cabman's insinuation of intimacy, especially as the ladies inside vented some very disagreeable remarks on his corpulence; however, he bore it all calmly, and said: "What club do you mean?"

"Why, the United 'Marylebone and Paddington Cab-drivers' Provident and Discussion Club' meets every Vensday, arf-past six. I'm blest if Philip ain't going there!"

As he said this, the Hansom cab turned up a narrow archway next to a public house, apparently leading to the stables.

"Here, cabman," cried Mr. Tozer, "take this sovereign, and exchange hats and coats. I would rather," he said mildly, looking at the driver's frouzy head, "you did not wear my hat."

"Cert'nly not, sir. It'll be as safe as the Bank in the boot. So you're going into the club like a cabby, eh, sir? Well, that will be a queer start. But you don't know the word."

"The word?"

"Why, I mean to pass you in. When the doorkeeper says to you 'Graff and Squawker,' you say back to him 'Chickweed and Sparrergrass;' and don't you let out as I let on to you, sir, or some on 'em will be punching my head."

"All right—all right," said Mr. Tozer, jumping down. "Come back here, and wait for me."

"Oh, don't I wish I could see a policeman," cried the indignant lady inside, as the cabman drove away.

Mr. Tozer entered the public house and asked for the club-room. The barmaid showed him the way.

"One of the old school," smiled she to a customer.

"Reg'lar antediluvian?" said a half-tipsy shoemaker.

"Tony Weller himself!" remarked a spruce clerk, who was indulging in a glass of bitters.

Mr. Tozer reached the club-room, received and gave the required shibboleth, and then sat down modestly as far back as possible, and in the darkest corner he could find.

This room was like most other public house club-rooms, long and narrow, with an infinity of chairs, and a long table running down the centre, while the walls were ornamented with several exceedingly obtrusive likenesses in oil of sundry landlords and landladies living or dead. The more energetic and influential members of the club were seated at the table, the more indolent or modest (as Mr. Tozer) lolled with their chairs tilted against the wall, with their feet on the bottom rail, and held their glasses in their hands. About five-and-thirty persons were present, among whom Mr. Tozer was unable to discern either "Philip the Scholar" or his hopeful nephew. After various proceedings of a dry and routine character, amongst which a weekly report was read by the secretary, and a black-list produced of sundry persons whose twopences had fallen in arrear, which was ordered to be pasted up in the bar forthwith, the grand business of the evening began. The chairman rose, and after hemming solemnly, and drinking about a pint of half-and-half to clear his throat, read out the subject of discussion for that evening—"That the sixpence-a-mile system is an undue interference with the liberty of the cab-driver." The mover of the question then got up, and after some preparatory hesitation and diffidence, became so eloquent and energetic, that Mr. Tozer, who had hitherto been fearfully bored and dismally shy, began to get quite interested, and forgot all about his nephew and the mysterious Hansom cabman.

"My friends," said the speaker, "it isn't the sixpence a-mile as I'm against; I should be against it if it was eightpence, if it was a shilling, if it was arf-a-crown a mile! ['Should yer?' said a stolid listener, 'well, I shouldn't!'] It's not the price, it's the fixing the price—it's the interference of the guvament with the cabmen that I complain of. Why should the cabmen be treated different to every other class of the community? Because we're such a precious set of rogues. And there are plenty of black-sheep among us, I don't deny. A respectable man don't care to become a cabby, to be badgered by the police a one side of him, and the excise commissioners on the other, when he can get a living any other way. But are there, I ask, no rogues among the butchers, and the bakers, and the grocers? Are butchers all honest? [A voice: 'What do they make their sassengers of?'] Are bakers pure? Is there not bones, nor alum in their bread, no 'dead men' in their customers' books? Was that man a grocer, I ask, who told his apprentice to water the tobacco, sand the sugar, and then come down to prayers?" (Great laughter and cheering.) "Then why single out the cabmen? In France, I understand the Emperor settles what price a butcher shall ask for his meat, and a baker for his bread, but we English say: 'That won't do here; that's only fit for a parcel of children. We must have free trade, free trade.' And that's all I ask to-night, my friends, free trade in cab-driving; liberty to sell the hire of my vehicle for what price I please. Why should I be compelled to take sixpence a mile at all times and seasons, whatever the price of horse-flesh or horse feed may be? It's a dead robbery. But then people say: 'The public will be so imposed on.' No, they won't, any more than now. Let the commissioners publish a book of the distances to and from every street in London. I don't care if it's as big as a family Bible; let every cabman be bound to keep a copy of that book in his cab; but for Heaven's sake, when the passenger knows what distance he is going to be drove, let us poor devils make our own bargain as to the price!" (Vociferous cheering.)

The speaker who followed detailed a case of individual hardship. "Some men, my mates, is always unlucky; they're always on the wrong side of the road of life, and always getting drove into. Now, here's a case in point. There's a man, which I won't mention names here, but well known to many of you, he was ashamed to come into the club himself to-night, so he asked me to tell his story. Well, this man has worked through sunshine and wet year after year, one that took his pint of beer a-day, and never went beyond it. His ambition was a cab of his own, a Hansom. He got a 'oss promised him—that chestnut mare of yourn, Bill Green."

Mr. Green indicated assent by a wave of his pipe.

"Well, a certain party—I won't mention names—it may be Levy, or it may be Moss, or it mayn't be either—supplies him a cab, charging him a rattling high price, on account of the payments being only five pound a month. He pays up five pound a month like a man for four months; then his wife took bad in her chest; she ketched cold going backards and forards to a fringe-warehouse in the city. Philip—There, hang it, mates, I've let his name out?" (Great cheering, in which Mr. Tozer joined.) "Philip gets behindhand. The Jew says: 'I'll tear up that acceptance I hold of yours for fifty pounds, if you'll write a fresh one for sixty-five pound, giving you three months longer to pay it in.' Well, Philip agrees. But now the children got the scarlet fever, his wife's forced to stop at home, and he gets behindhand again. Then the Jew brings his action (I don't blame him;) the cab is seized, and sold for five-and-twenty pound (about half its valley;) the mare would have been sold too, if Bill Green here hadn't walked her out of the way. And I'm blest, if the balance, which, with costs, and lawyers, and one devilment or another, comes to near thirty pounds, ain't paid to-morrow, 'Philip the Scholar' goes to quod!"

Mr. Tozer rose with tears in his eyes, and said, in a voice choking with emotion:

"Gentlemen, I'm a stranger here; I've no business here; in fact, I'm an imposter. I'm no cabman,' he continued, pulling vainly at the strings of his tattered old cape, "but an independent man of small means (cheers;) and to-morrow, as sure as my name's Henry Tozer, I'll pay that thirty pound!" He then took out a card, wrote his address upon it, handed it to the chairman, and hurried from the room, amid the deafening applause of the company.

His cabman was faithfully awaiting him outside. He gladly reassumed his own garments, and drove to Camden Town, arriving there about half-past nine o'clock, wearied with exercise and excitement. He had obtained some clue to the mystery of Alfred's conduct, but not all.

"Who is at home?" he asked of Emma.

"Missis is gone to bed with a bad headache. *Your* missis is awaiting for you in the drawing-room, sir," said she, significantly.

Mr. Tozer trembled. He found his wife on the sofa, immersed in *East Lynne*. She had finished *Adam Bede* that afternoon.

"Good-evening, Mr. Tozer," said she with mock serenity; "are you aware of the time, sir?"

"Well, my dear, I know it's rather late, but you see I had a little particular business." Here Mr. Tozer drew near for the purpose of administering a consolatory salute.

"Ugh! Tozer!" cried his wife, putting her handkerchief to her nose. "You have brought the most frightful smell into the room with you. You smell not only of the rankest tobacco, but of all manner of stable abominations. Where have you been, sir?"

"My love, I'll tell you in the morning," answered Tozer, with unwonted courage; "to-night I'm dead beat. Ta, ta."

He took up a bedroom candlestick, and retired. His wife shortly followed, and found him apparently fast asleep, which did not prevent her expressing her opinions about him pretty freely in a curtain lecture. Alfred Randall did not reach home till midnight, when he came in, looking, as Emma told her mistress, the "picter of down heartedness." He did not appear at breakfast the next morning.

At that repast, Ellen Randall looked pale and melancholy; Mrs. Tozer sat icy and grim; while Mr. Tozer glanced at his wife in a furtively beseeching manner, like a schoolboy who is going to beg a half-holiday which he is almost sure he won't obtain. All the party were ominously silent.

A cab drove up to the door. Mr. Tozer recognized through the window-pane his Clarence cabman of the preceding night: he rushed to the door.

"Mr. Tozer," said his wife, with dignity, "you forget yourself—we have servants."

Regardless of his wife, and pushing past the astonished Emma, he rushed bareheaded into the street.

"Mornin', sir," said the cabman, smiling and touching his hat. "Here's a bit of a scrawl one of my mates asked me to bring to Mr. Randall."

Mr. Tozer stretched out his hand, and received a dirty, ill-folded scrap of paper.

In another moment, it was snatched from his grasp by his indignant wife. She rushed in and slammed the front-door after her, leaving her spouse bareheaded in the street with the cabman. Mr. Tozer began to ply the knocker vigorously.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Tozer had entered the parlor. "My darling Ellen," she said, falling on her niece's neck, "we are a pair of poor, deceived, miserable women. I told you of my suspicions last night. Read this. '*Rose is in chokey.*' That means in their dreadful slang language, in prison. This vile woman, who has ensnared your unhappy husband in her toils, is in jail, and now has the daring impudence, abetted by Mr. Tozer, to send to Alfred Randall for assistance!"

Here Randall entered the room, apparently calm and cheerful. "Sorry to be so late, ladies; but I was rather overtired last night. Hollo! my darling Ellen, what is the matter? In tears, my sweet love!"

"Read this, sir!" interposed Mrs. Tozer, repelling Alfred from his intended endearments, and speaking in her severest tragedy-tone.

"*Rose is in chokey*," read Alfred. "Dear, dear me, that is most unfortunate! I must go at once without waiting for breakfast, and see what I can do."

At this juncture, Mr. Tozer having, by dint of repeated knocking, regained the inside of the house, came into the room.

"Uncle Henry, you'll help me, won't you?" said Alfred. "You recollect the thirty pounds I asked for the day before yesterday? Read this."

"With all my heart, my dear boy," exclaimed Mr. Tozer. "Now I understand it all. It is a real deed of charity, and I'll draw the cheque at once."

"You will not, Mr. Tozer," interposed his wife. "Can human nature be so vile? Are you both banded together in love for this wretched woman?"

"Woman?" cried Alfred.

"Yes," said Mrs. Tozer. "This horrible Rose of Lisson Grove."

Alfred exploded in a fit of laughter. He then seated himself in the sofa, put his arm round his wife's waist, kissed her half-a-dozen times, and said: "Ladies, I now comprehend all your suspicions and inuendoes, and will proceed to dissipate them into thin air. Strike, if you please, but hear me. Know, then, that when I was at school, I had an especial boy-friend, whose name was Philip Rose. He was not of very exalted birth, as his father kept an inn and posting-house in a country town, but was well educated, with a view to some liberal profession. But railways ruined country inns and posting, and at his father's death, Philip received only a few hundred pounds. With this, having always had a great taste for horse-flesh, he started in London as a livery-stable keeper; but being one of these easy-going, good-natured souls who believe all the world is as honest as themselves, he gradually lost his money, and came down in the course of time to a mere cab-driver. After having lost sight of him for years, I met him one day by accident driving a Hansom, and then found that he was endeavoring to pay the price of his cab by instalments. Since that time sickness in his family has prevented him from completing the purchase-money, and I have tried, at the earnest request of his wife, who called here once or twice, to assist him. Last night I accompanied him to his club, where a brother cabman undertook to lay his case before the members; and the remainder of the evening was spent in endeavoring to make an arrangement with the holder of his acceptance, but without avail. Now, however, Uncle Henry has come forward nobly—"

Here Mr. Tozer interrupted his nephew, and related the story of his adventures at the cabmen's club.

We will draw a veil over the scene of reconciliation that took place, only quoting the remark of Emma the housemaid, as she and the cook discussed the events of the morning: "I declare I'm quite disappointed. Only think of Rose being a man after all. I thought it was a romance; and it was only a cabman!"

We may mention, in conclusion, that Uncle Henry had several interviews with "Philip the Scholar;" and being ably seconded by Mrs. Tozer, who was anxious to make all the amends she could for the unhappiness she had unwittingly caused her niece, he paid the passage of Philip Rose, with his wife and family, to Melbourne, feeling that at the best it was an uphill struggle for such a man in London.

Alfred has since received the following letter from him:

"MY DEAR RANDALL—If you will allow a poor cab-driver, in recollection of old days at school, to address you so familiarly—I am thankful to say we are all well, and baby got much stronger on the voyage. I found as much competition in Melbourne as in London, so proceeded, by advice of a friend, to Ballarat, which is still one of the leading gold-fields, and a very nice little town. We don't drive Clarences there (there may be a Hansom or two about), but Irish low-backed cars. I have got a car and three horses of my own, and run between Ballarat and Buntuyong, about seven miles, on a good metalled road. Eighteenpenny fares apiece, and six passengers to the load. I hope next winter to have enough put by for a bit of land of my own; I shall then fence in a paddock, and keep a cow or two, and hope to begin clearing off my debt to your worthy uncle. My humble duty to him and Mrs. Tozer, also to Mrs. Randall, in which my wife joins, and I remain, my dear schoolfellow, your attached friend, PHILIP ROSE.

"Address, No. 4 Eucalyptus Cottages, Baking Hill, Ballarat East, Victoria."

☞ WORRY.—A writer remarks with great truth that "the great characteristic of modern life is worry." That is true. Some persons are so prone to it that they worry because they have no real griefs to worry them.

☞ An exchange says that the poem entitled "Three Hundred Thousand More" was written by James S. Gibbons, of New York.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

BY NORMAN MACLEOD, D. D.
ONE OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S CHAPLAINS.

A well-known Scotch artist, whose delineations of character delight his many friends, and who is almost as remarkable in his anecdotes as in his pictures, commences one of his stories by narrating how an old Scotch gamekeeper once remarked to him in a slow solemn voice, "Do you knaw, sir, that I myself have actilly knawn men, ay, and respectable men too, who—did—not—believe—in ghaists?" And he describes how the old keeper, on being questioned as to his own belief in ghosts, replied, with face averted, half in pity, half in sorrow for the questioner, but with, if possible, deeper solemnity, "I howp I do!"

I am not sure if the game-keeper stands alone in his belief; and I question whether, if the great majority of the "upper ten thousand" were asked regarding their faith as to apparitions, they would not agree with the lower ten thousand who are assumed to be the only honest believers in occasional visits from the inhabitants of the mysterious ghost-land. Very possibly in broad daylight, when driving in the park—or shopping—or visiting the Exhibition—or, even when the candles are lighted, and when seated round the dinner-table—or in the midst of the buzz and flutter of an evening party, the realities of the palpable and prosaic world may act as such opiates to the ideal faculty, and so close the eyes and stop the ears of the inner eye which alone can discern the spirit-world, that all faith in its existence may be denied or ridiculed. But take any one of those persons singly, especially the most thoughtful and gifted; let him or her remain in the large drawing-room when it is emptied of its guests, with the lights extinguished, except one or two sufficiently bright to project "shadows on the wall," but not to illumine the darker recesses of the room—when the fire burns low, and the cinders fall, and begin to crumble audibly among the ashes—when the midnight winds are creeping round the house, sighing at the windows, or breaking out into angry gusts which boom over the chimney-head, and shake the huge trees on the lawn, forcing one to think of ships fighting with storms on misty coasts, or drenched wretches creeping over splashing moors,—and then let the thoughts gradually slide into sad stories of human suffering, mingled with anecdotes, about presentiments, dreams, odd coincidences, unaccountable appearances, and the like; and ever and anon let some strange sounds of wind and rain and chafing foliage be heard, with creaks of old timber, no one knows where,—I ask with confidence whether in such circumstances, at two in the morning, the skeptic will not profess more faith in ghosts than he or she would at two in the afternoon?

The fact cannot be denied by any one moderately acquainted with human opinions, that there is an almost universal belief in ghosts. Or if that is a too broad and vulgar way of expressing the belief, let us rather say, a universal feeling verging on belief, if not reaching it, that there are certainly "more things in heaven and earth" than our daylight philosophy accepts of or can account for; that there are revelations from a world unseen by the carnal eye, unheard by the carnal ear, which come to the seeing and hearing faculties of the spirit in certain states of mind and body which are alone susceptible of this intercourse; that these revelations assume divers forms, it may be of strange sights and sounds, vivid dreams, sudden and overpowering impressions, apparitions, ghosts, spirit-knockings, call them what you please—which compel the belief that the ghost-world with which we are unquestionably surrounded, impinges occasionally on the familiar, or on what we call the actual, just as strange and rare birds from another far off clime are sometimes driven by storms on our coasts.

This is a subject to which I have paid some attention. Without, as far as I can discover, any prejudice to warp my judgment, or any want of such a careful and cautious induction as a detective might bestow in tracing out the facts of a crime, and weighing the evidence in the nicest balance, I have collected several unquestionable *facts*, in which I have no hesitation whatever in publicly acknowledging my belief. I am also firmly persuaded that their truth rests upon incomparably more satisfactory proofs than those stories of spirit-rappings which are so firmly believed in by so many. I have listened patiently to the details of most remarkable phenomena connected with spirit-rapping and table-turning, related to me by ladies and gentlemen "moving in the best circles of society," and by evangelical clergymen whose word no one would think of doubting, and whose judgment no one, I presume, would once dare to call in question. A clergyman, for example, whose literary abilities, sound sense, piety, broadmindedness, and truthfulness are sufficiently guaranteed by the fact of his being a frequent contributor to the pages of a leading "Religious" newspaper, while assuming that any doubt as to the reality of spirit-rapping apparitions, witches, etc., indicated an infidel tendency, affirmed his belief that the devil was the real person who pulled all those strings. I took the bold step of questioning this, which I fear has shaken his faith in my Christianity; and I confessed to him frankly that I had such an opinion of Satan's intellect, and of the immense amount of work he evidently had to do in France, Italy, and America, not to speak of our own country, as made me doubt how far he had himself the time, or could spare even the weakest and most imbecile of his spirits to amuse respectable, well-to-do, idle ladies, to furnish arguments in favor of a ghost-world to skeptics, to paralyse weak curates, or even to afford the best and most popular clergy illustrations for their sermons.

I also took the liberty of directing his attention to the following verse in the Prophecies of Isaiah, and which seemed new to him:—"When they shall say unto you, Seek with them that have familiar spirits, and with wizards that peep and that mutter: should not a people seek unto their God? for the living to the dead?" (That is, as I understand it, should the living in reference to their affairs consult the dead?) "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." Strange to say, this passage made my clerical friend only hold more firmly to the alleged facts and his devil-theory regarding them; for he maintained that many men whom he knew to be a little more than skeptical regarding "the law and the testimony" of Scripture, and who "staggered through unbelief" in the miracles there recorded, nevertheless sought information "from the dead," and had perfect faith in the truth of the revelations so obtained, thus proving the devil to be the real deceiver.

Granting for the present the truth of the alleged *facts* of spirit-rapping and of table-turning; yet after hearing them, and comparing them with some of the mysteries I have myself collected, chiefly in the Highlands, connected with second sight and ghastly apparitions, and with other similar phenomena noticed by me in some of the remoter valleys of the Harz and Black Forest, I cannot possibly admit the one without admitting the other. Both seem to me to rest on such evidence as must compel them to stand or fall together.

I have no wish whatever to bring any reader, who has "made up his mind" on those mysterious topics, to my way of thinking. I shall acknowledge it as a sign of progress in free thought if I am permitted to hold my own views without being condemned as a person devoid of all judgment or common sense. My excellent publishers are also willing to run all risks by permitting me to make the pages of this periodical a vehicle for disseminating more worthy views of the mysteries of our spirit-life.

But one fact is better than a thousand mere arguments in discussing such a question, and I shall therefore devote the rest of this paper to a narrative, which the reader may rest assured is *strictly true*, and then I shall leave him to judge for himself as to how far such mysterious phenomena as it records can be accounted for.

A friend of mine, a medical man, was on a fishing expedition with an old college acquaintance, an army surgeon, whom he had not met for many years, from his having been in India with his regiment. M'Donald, the army surgeon, was a thorough Highlander, and slightly tinged with what is called the superstition of his countrymen, and at the time I speak of was liable to rather depressed spirits from an unsound liver. His native air was, however, rapidly renewing his youth; and when he and his old friend paced along the banks of the fishing stream in a lonely part of Argyleshire, and sent their lines like airy gossamers over the pools, and touched the water over a salmon's nose, so temptingly that the best principled and wisest fish could not resist the bite, M'Donald had apparently regained all his buoyancy of spirit. They had been fishing together for about a week with great success, when M'Donald proposed to pay a visit to a family he was acquainted with, which would separate him from his friend for some days. But whenever he spoke of their intended separation, he sank down into his old gloomy state, at one time declaring that he felt as if they were never to meet again. My friend tried to rally him, but in vain. They parted at the trouting stream, M'Donald's route being across a mountain pass, with which, however, he had been well acquainted in his youth, though the road was lonely and wild in the extreme. The Doctor returned early in the evening to his resting-place, which was a shepherd's house lying on the very outskirts of the "settlements," and beside a foaming mountain stream. The shepherd's only attendants at the time were two herd lads and three dogs. Attached to the hut, and communicating with it by a short passage, was rather a comfortable room which "the Laird" had fitted up to serve as a sort of lodge for himself in the midst of his shooting-ground, and which he had put for a fortnight at the disposal of my friend.

Shortly after sunset on the day I mention, the wind began to rise suddenly to a gale, the rain descended in torrents, and the night became extremely dark. The shepherd seemed uneasy, and several times went to the door to inspect the weather. At last, he aroused the fears of the Doctor for M'Donald's safety, by expressing the *hope* that by this time he was "owre that awfu' black moss, and across the red burn." Every traveller in the Highlands knows how rapidly these mountain streams rise, and how confusing the moor becomes in a dark night. "The black moss and red burn" were words that were never after forgot by the Doctor, from the strange feelings they produced when first heard that night: for there came into his mind terrible thoughts and forebodings about poor M'Donald, and reproaches for never having considered his possible danger in attempting such a journey alone. In vain the shepherd assured him that he must have reached a place of safety before the darkness and the storm came on. A presentiment which he could not cast off made him so miserable that he could hardly refrain from tears. But nothing could be done to relieve the anxiety now become so painful.

The Doctor at last retired to bed about midnight. For a long time he could not sleep. The raging of the stream below the small window, and the *thuds* of the storm, made him feverish and restless. But at last he fell into a sound and dreamless sleep. Out of this, however, he was suddenly roused by a peculiar noise in his room, not very loud, but utterly indescribable. He heard tap, tap, tap, at the window; and he knew, from the relation which the wall of the room bore to the rock, that the glass could not be touched by human hand. After listening for a moment, and forcing himself to smile at his nervousness, he turned round, and began again to seek repose. But now a noise began, too distinct and loud to make sleep possible. Starting and sitting up in bed, he heard repeated in rapid succession, as if some one was spitting in anger, and close to his bed,—"Fit! fit! fit!" and then a prolonged "whir-r-r-r" from another part of the room, while every chair began to move, and the table to jerk. The Doctor remained in breathless silence, with every faculty intensely acute. He frankly confessed that he heard his heart beating, for the sound was so unearthly, so horrible, and something seemed to come so near him that he began seriously to consider whether or not he had some attack of fever which affected his brain,—for remember, he had not tasted a drop of the shepherd's small store of whiskey? He felt his own pulse, composed his spirits, and compelled himself to exercise calm judgment. Straining his eyes to discover anything, he plainly saw at last a white object moving, but without sound, before him. He knew that the door was shut and the window also. An overpowering conviction then seized him, which he could not resist, that his friend M'Donald was dead! By an effort he seized a lucifer-box on a chair beside him, and struck a light. No white object could be seen. The room appeared to be as when he went to bed. The door was shut. He looked at his watch, and particularly marked that the hour was twenty-two minutes past three. But the match was hardly extinguished when, louder than ever, the same unearthly cry of "Fit! fit! fit!" was heard, followed by the same horrible whir-r-r-r, which made his teeth chatter with terrible rapidity. Then the movement of the table and every chair in the room was resumed with increased violence, while the tapping on the window was heard above the storm. There was no bell in the room, but the Doctor, on hearing all this frightful confusion of sounds again repeated, and beholding the white object moving towards him in terrible silence, began to thump the wooden partition and to shout at the top of his voice for the shepherd, and having done so, he dived his head under the blankets.

The shepherd soon made his appearance, in his night-shirt, with a small oil-lamp, or "crusey," over his head, anxiously inquiring as he entered the room—

"What is't, Doctor? What's wrang? Pity me, are ye ill?"

"Very!" cried the Doctor. But before he could give any explanations a loud whir-r-r was heard, with the old cry of "Fit!" close to the shepherd, while two chairs fell at his feet! The shepherd sprang back, with a half scream of terror; the lamp was dashed to the ground, and the door violently shut.

"Come back!" shouted the Doctor. "Come back, Duncan, instantly, I command you!"

The shepherd opened the door very partially, and said, in terrified accents—

"Gude be aboot us, that was awfu'! What is't?"

"Heaven knows, Duncan," ejaculated the Doctor with agitated voice, "but do pick up the lamp, and I shall strike a light."

Duncan did so in no small fear; but as he made his way to the bed in the darkness, to get a match from the Doctor, something caught his foot; he fell; and then, amidst the same noises and tumults of chairs, which immediately filled the apartment, the "Fit! fit! fit! fit!" was prolonged with more vehemence than ever! The Doctor sprang up, and made his way out of the room, but was several times tripped, by some unknown power, so that he had the greatest difficulty in reaching the door without a fall. He was followed by Duncan, and both rushed out of the room, shutting the door after them. A new light having been obtained, they both returned with extreme caution, and, it must be added, fear, in the hope of finding some cause or other for all those terrifying signs. Would it surprise our readers to hear that they searched the room in vain?—that, after minutely examining under the table, chairs, bed, everywhere, and with the door shut, not a trace could be found of anything? Would they believe that they heard during the day how poor McDonald had staggered, half dead from fatigue, into his friend's house, and falling into a fit, had died *at twenty-two minutes past three* that morning? We do not ask any one to accept of all this as true. But we pledge our honor to the following facts:—

The Doctor, after the day's fishing was over, had packed his rod so as to take it into his bed-room; but he had left a minnow attached to the hook. A white cat who was left in the room swallowed the minnow, and was hooked. The unfortunate gourmand had vehemently protested against this intrusion into her upper lip by the violent "Fit! fit! fit!" with which she tried to spit the hook out; the reel added the mysterious whirr-r-r: and the disengaged line, getting entangled in the legs of the chairs and table, as the hooked cat attempted to fly from her tormentor, set the furniture in motion, and tripped up both the shepherd and the Doctor; while an ivy-branch kept tapping at the window! Will any one doubt the existence of ghosts and a spirit-world after this?

I have only to add that the Doctor's skill was employed during the night in cutting the hook out of the cat's lip, while his poor patient, yet most impatient, was held by the shepherd in a bag, the head alone of puss, with hook and minnow, being visible. M'Donald made his appearance in a day or two, rejoicing once more to see his friend, and greatly enjoying the ghost story. As the Doctor finished the history of his night's horrors, he could not help laying down a proposition very dogmatically to his half-superstitious friends, and as some amends for his own terror.

"Depend upon it," said he, "if we could thoroughly examine into all the stories of ghosts and apparitions, spirit-rappings, *et hoc genus omne*, they would turn out to be every bit as true as my own visit from the world of spirits; that is—*great humbug and nonsense*."

We leave this heterodox sentiment with confidence in the hands of the illustrious dead, who spend so much time in disturbing furniture without even the apology of a hook and minnow. We have no doubt that Milton, Dante, Shakspeare, or probably Newton or Bacon, if properly invited, will cheerfully come as guests to any teaparty of true believers in London or Boston, to contradict in the most authoritative manner the Doctor's profane skepticism. We shall be glad to hear the views of those distinguished men, who, it is alleged, though dead yet speak; and we shall be proud to number them among our contributors. We despair of the cat. She has been silent ever since her great *debut* into spirit-land. Her lips though healed are sealed.

NEWS ITEMS.

It may not be known that Gen. McClellan usually travels at present in a vehicle with four horses, precisely as did Gen. Fremont in Missouri. This has been made a handle for much political abuse of the latter, who has been foolishly charged with an affectation of aristocratic state. The habit is necessary at times. In a carriage with six seats, a number of staff officers can be accommodated, and consultations can thus be had with greater facility than on horseback.

The draft has been postponed in New York until the 10th of October, and in Pennsylvania until the 16th.

Prizes, worth in the aggregate over $20,000,000, have been captured by the vessels of our navy since the rebellion has commenced, yet not one cent, it is said, has been paid to the sailors.

Naturalization in One Year.—By a law of Congress, July 17, 1862, it is provided: That *any alien* of the age of twenty-one years and upwards, who has enlisted, or shall enlist, in the armies of the United States, either in the regular or volunteer forces, on receiving an honorable discharge may, after residing *one year* in the United States, and proving good character, be admitted as a *citizen* without any previous declaration or intention.

Our Paris correspondent writes that it is not Count Agenor de Gasparin, the distinguished writer on America, but his father, Count Adrienne-Etienne Berri de Gasparin, who died recently in France. The deceased Count was known to his countrymen as a writer on agricultural subjects, and had been Minister of the Interior.—*N. Y. Post.*

Artificial Ice.—A citizen of Boston, now resident in Bombay, writes to a friend at home that the attempt to manufacture ice in Bombay has been entirely successful; that the machine is turning out, daily, 25 tons of beautiful ice, which is as pure and tasteless as American ice, and that it is sold at a rate 40 per cent. cheaper than the article is furnished for in our American cities.

General Milroy, at the urgent request of numerous Western Virginians, is to return to his former field of service in that department.

Marked activity begins to be manifested in naval circles. Whether Galveston or Mobile, or Charleston, is to be the point more immediately menaced, is not known, but it is certain that something is expected speedily to happen on the coast.

Some experiments in gunnery have been made at Verona, by which it was ascertained that the impulsive force of gun-cotton is two-and-a-quarter times that of gunpowder, and that empty shells impelled by gun-cotton produce the same effect as shells filled with gunpowder and impelled by the same.

Lieut. Col. Ludlow, aid-de-camp to Gen. Dix, recently effected an exchange of 10,000 rank and file, and 300 officers, at Harrison's Landing.

Letter from John Brown.—A letter from John Brown was lately found among the papers of Theodore Parker. It was written when he first conceived the idea of an armed attack on slavery. It strikingly indicates the purpose of the man, and dispels all idea of insanity. In speaking of the plan he says: "I expect nothing but hardship, but I expect to achieve a great victory, even though it be like the last victory of Samson."

The position of the members of the Cabinet on the President's emancipation proclamation is now pretty well ascertained. Mr. Chase was the leader in urging the emancipation policy; Mr. Stanton and Mr. Welles seconded his views throughout, though with less warmth. Mr. Seward and Mr. Blair were very decided against it. Caleb B. Smith was somewhat less so, and Judge Bates perhaps still less. The majority, however, were against the proclamation. The President, as usual, acted on his own responsibility.—*Philadelphia Press.* [Doubtful.]

Feeding Rebels in New Orleans.—New Orleans is an expensive luxury. The government is paying more than $50,000 a month, considerably more than the army of occupation costs, to feed the starving rebels whom Major Gen. Lovell and Jeff. Davis have left upon our hands or send in from day to day from beyond our lines to be fed. The approach of winter renders it a serious question whether the National Government is called upon to support men who refuse to take the oath of allegiance.

S. H. Hill, a young man who had just returned from New Orleans, where he was a waiter for an officer in a Vermont regiment, enlisted in Northampton, Mass., a few days ago, but was rejected by the surgeon in consequence of having a stiff finger. He was told that if he would have the finger taken off he would pass. The finger was accordingly removed, and the plucky young man has re-enlisted.

All the rebel papers claim victories in all the recent battles, and call upon the people of the rebel states not to believe one word contained in the northern papers of Union successes.

Foreign Intervention.—The New York World, in an emphasized Washington dispatch, says:—"It is rumored in the highest official circles, that the recent emancipation proclamation was precipitated upon the country by reason of intimations, received within a very few days, of the imminent intervention of a great Continental power."

Sheep Affected with Small-Pox—Look Out for All Importations.—Late English papers give accounts of the spread of the disease called small-pox among sheep to a very alarming extent. It is also prevalent upon the continent. It is therefore of the greatest importance that all sheep imported should be most carefully examined to prevent the introduction of this fatal epidemic into American flocks. It is said that 65 per cent. of a flock that takes the disease in a natural way will die.

President Lincoln's proclamation to emancipate the slaves is commended in favorable terms by the California press generally, the leading journals heartily endorsing his policy.

☞ The oldest piece of furniture is the multiplication "table." It was constructed more than two thousand years ago, and is as good as new.

☞ Enoch the father of Methuseleh, was *translated*, so that he did not see death; therefore the oldest man that ever lived died before his father.

THE PRESIDENT ON EMANCIPATION

His Interview with the Chicago Delegation.

The following report by a Chicago delegation of their interview with the President, is of interest as showing the views which induced the President to issue his recent Proclamation. The delegation presented a memorial in favor of emancipation, and give the following as

THE PRESIDENT'S ANSWER

The subject presented in the memorial is one upon which I have thought much for weeks past, and I may even say for months. I am approached with the most opposite opinions and advice, and that by religious men, who are equally certain that they represent the Divine will. I am sure that either the one or the other class is mistaken in that belief, and perhaps, in some respects, both. I hope it will not be irreverent for me to say that, if it is probable that God would reveal His will to others on a point so connected with my duty, it might be supposed He would reveal it directly to me. For, unless I am more deceived in myself than I often am, it is my earnest desire to know the will of Providence in this matter. And, if I can learn what it is, I will do it. These are not, however, the days of miracles, and I suppose it will be granted that I am not to expect a direct revelation. I must study the plain, physical facts of the case, ascertain what is possible, and learn what appears to be wise and right.

Now, then, tell me, if you please, what possible result of good would follow the issuing of such a proclamation as you desire? Understand, I raise no objection against it on legal or Constitutional grounds; for, as Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, in time of war, I suppose I have a right to take any measure which may best subdue the enemy. Nor do I urge objections of a moral nature, in view of possible consequences of insurrection and massacre at the South. I view the matter as a practical war measure, to be decided upon according to the advantages or disadvantages it may offer to the suppression of the rebellion.

RESPONSE OF THE DELEGATION.

We observed (taking up the President's ideas in order) that good men indeed differed in the opinions on this subject; nevertheless the truth was somewhere, and it was a matter of solemn moment for him to ascertain it; that we had not been so wanting in respect alike to ourselves and to him as to come a thousand miles to bring merely our opinion to be set over against the opinion of other parties; that the memorial contained facts, principles, and arguments which appealed to the intelligence of the President and to his faith in Divine Providence; that he could not deny that the Bible denounced oppression as one of the highest of crimes, and threatened Divine judgment against nations that practised it; that our country had been exceedingly guilty in this respect, both at the North and South; that our just punishment has come by a slaveholder's rebellion; that the virus of secession is found wherever the virus of slavery extends, and no farther; so that there is the amplest reason for expecting to avert Divine judgments by putting away the sin, and for hoping to remedy the national troubles by striking at their cause.

That it was true he could not now enforce the Constitution at the South; but we should see in that fact no reason whatever for not proclaiming emancipation, but rather the contrary. The two appealed to *different* classes; the latter would aid, and, in truth, was necessary to re-establish the former, and the two could be made operative together, as fast as our armies fought their way southward; while we had yet to hear that he professed to abandon the Constitution because of the present difficulty of enforcing it.

As to the inability of Congress to agree on this policy at the late session, it was quite possible, in view of subsequent events, there might be more unanimity at another meeting. The members have met their constituents and learned of marvelous conversions to the wisdom of emancipation, especially since late reverses have awakened thought as to the extreme peril of the nation, and made bad men as well as good men realize that we have to deal with God in this matter. Men of the most opposite previous views were now uniting in calling for this measure.

That to proclaim emancipation would secure the sympathy of Europe and the whole civilized world, which now saw no other reason for the strife than national pride and ambition, an unwillingness to abridge our domain and power. No other step would be so potent to prevent foreign intervention.

Furthermore, it would send a thrill through the entire North, firing every patriotic heart, giving the people a glorious principle for which to suffer and to fight, and assuring them that the work was to be so thoroughly done as to leave our country free forever from danger and disgrace in this quarter.

We added that when the proclamation should become widely known (as the law of Congress has not been) it would withdraw the slaves from the rebels, leaving them without laborers, and giving us both laborers and soldiers. Then the difficulty experienced by General Butler and other generals arose from the fact that half-way measures could never avail. It is the inherent vice of half-way measures that they create as many difficulties as they remove. It is folly merely to receive and feed the slaves. They should be welcomed and fed, and then, according to Paul's doctrine, that they who eat must work, be made to labor and to fight for their liberty and ours. With such a policy, the blacks would be no encumbrance, and their rations no waste. In this respect we should follow the ancient maxim, and learn of the enemy. What the rebels most fear is what we should be most prompt to do, and what they most fear is evident from the hot haste with which, on the first day of the present session of the rebel Congress, bills were introduced threatening terrible vengeance if we used the blacks in the war.

Mr. Lincoln replied:

I admit that slavery is the root of the rebellion, or at least its *sine qua non*. The ambition of politicians may have instigated them to act, but they would have been impotent without slavery as their instrument. I will also concede that emancipation would help us in Europe, and convince them that we are incited by something more than ambition. I grant further, that it would help somewhat at the North, though not so much, I fear, as you and those you represent imagine. Still, some additional strength would be added in that way to the war. And then unquestionably it would weaken the rebels by drawing off their laborers, which is of great importance. But I am not so sure we could do much with the blacks. If we were to arm them I fear that in a few weeks the arms would be in the hands of the rebels; and, indeed, thus far we have not had arms enough to equip our white troops.

I will mention another thing though it meet only your scorn and contempt. There are fifty thousand bayonets in the Union armies from the border slave states. It would be a serious matter if, in consequence of a proclamation such as you desire, they should go over to the rebels. I do not think they all would—not so many indeed as a year ago, or as six months ago—not so many to-day as yesterday. Every day increases their Union feeling. They are also getting their pride enlisted, and want to beat the rebels.—Let me say one thing more: I think you should admit that we already have an important principle to rally and unite the people in the fact that constitutional government is at stake. This is a fundamental idea, going down about as deep as anything.

A CONVERSATION.

We answered that, being fresh from the people, we were naturally more hopeful than himself as to the necessity and probable effect of such a proclamation. The value of constitutional government is indeed a grand idea for which to contend; but the people know that nothing else has put constitutional government in danger but slavery; that the toleration of that aristocratic and despotic element among our free institutions was the inconsistency that has nearly wrought our ruin and caused free government to appear a failure before the world; and therefore the people demand emancipation to preserve and perpetuate constitutional government. Our idea would thus be found to go deeper than this and to be armed with corresponding power.

Mr. Lincoln. Yes, that is the true ground of our difficulty.

Delegation. That a proclamation of general emancipation, giving "Liberty and Union" as the national watchword, would rouse the people and rally them to his support beyond anything yet witnessed—appealing alike to conscience, sentiment, and hope. He must remember, too, that present manifestations are no index of what would then take place. If the leader will but utter a trumpet call, the nation will respond with patriotic ardor. No one can tell the power of the right word from the right man to develope the latent fire and enthusiasm of the masses.

Mr. Lincoln. I know it.

Delegation. That good sense must, of course, be exercised in drilling, arming, and using black as well as white troops to make them efficient; and that, in a scarcity of arms, it was at least worthy of inquiry whether it were not wise to place a portion of them in the hands of those nearest to the seat of the rebellion, and able to strike the deadliest blow. That, in case of a proclamation of emancipation, we had no fear of serious injury from the desertion of border state troops. The danger was greatly diminished, as the President had admitted. But, let the desertions be what they might, the increased spirit of the North would replace them two to one. One state alone, if necessary, would compensate the loss, were the whole fifty thousand to join the enemy. The struggle has gone too far, and cost too much treasure and blood, to allow of a partial settlement. Let the line be drawn at the same time between freedom and slavery, and between loyalty and treason. The sooner we know who are our enemies the better.

In bringing our interview to a close, after an hour of earnest and frank discussion, of which the foregoing is a specimen, Mr. Lincoln remarked:—Do not misunderstand me because I have mentioned these objections. They indicate the difficulties that have thus far prevented my action in some such way as you desire. I have not decided against a proclamation of liberty to the slaves, but hold the matter under advisement. And I can assure you that the subject is on my mind, by day and night, more than any other. Whatever appear to be God's will, I will do.

INVASION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

From the Richmond Dispatch of the 17th.

"The road to Pennsylvania lies invitingly open. There are no regular soldiers on the route, and it would be a task of little difficulty to disperse the rabble of militia that might be brought to oppose them.

"The country is enormously rich. It abounds in fat cattle, cereals, horses and mules. Our troops would live on the very fat of the land. They would find an opportunity, moreover, to teach the Dutch farmers and graziers, who have been clamorous for this war, what invasion really is. If once compelled to take his own physic, which is a great deal more than he ever bargained for, Mynheer will cry aloud for peace in a very short time. For our own part, we trust the first proclamation of Pope, and the manner in which his army carried it out, will not be forgotten. *We hope the troops will turn the whole country into a desert*, as the Yankees did the Piedmont country of Virginia.

"*Let not a blade of grass, or a stalk of corn, or a barrel of flour, or a bushel of meal, or a sack of salt, or a horse, or a cow, or a hog, or a sheep, be left wherever they move along.* Let vengeance be taken for all that has been done, *until retribution itself shall stand aghast.* This is the country of the smooth-spoken, would-be-gentleman, McClellan. He has caused a loss to us, in Virginia, of at least thirty thousand negroes, the most valuable property that a Virginian can own. They have no negroes in Pennsylvania. Retaliation must therefore fall upon something else, and let it fall upon everything that constitutes property. A Dutch farmer has no negroes; *but he has horses that can be seized, grain that can be confiscated, cattle that can be killed, and houses that can be burned. He can be taken prisoner and sent to Libby's warehouse*, as our friends in Fauquier and Loudon, Culpepper, and the Peninsula have been sent to Lincoln's dungeons in the North. Let retaliation be complete, that the Yankees may learn that two can play at the game they have themselves commenced.

"By advancing into Pennsylvania with rapidity, our army can easily get possession of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, and break it down so thoroughly that it cannot be repaired in six months. They have already possession of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the York River Railroad. By breaking down these and the railroad from Philadelphia to Baltimore, they will completely isolate both Washington and Baltimore. No reinforcements can reach them from either the North or West, except by the Potomac and the bay."

[Note.—Since the above was written, and the battle of Antietam, the rebels have probably concluded to postpone their invasion and *destruction* of Pennsylvania till a more convenient season.]

☞ The last census of the United States shows that in 1860 there were 733,259 more males than females in the country. This note worthy fact ought to quiet the apprehensions of those who feared the war would cause an undue preponderance of women after peace. No matter how bloody the war may be or how long it may last, it cannot make away with three-quarters of a million of lives. The waste of life may make the sexes nearly even, but even then we shall be better off than in England, where the females are in excess by nearly a million, and the social problem of the day is how to provide them with husbands or occupation.

☞ Change of Name.—Since Illinois poured forth her myriads so gloriously for the support of the Union cause, her soubriquet has been changed by general consent from the Sucker state to the Succor state.—*Exc. Post.*

THE CONDITION OF THE REBEL ARMY.

WHAT A SURGEON SAYS OF IT.

A surgeon, whom the New York Times says is a gentleman of scientific habit of mind and close observation, and who had the opportunity which, till then, had scarcely been enjoyed by any loyalist, of seeing nearly the whole rebel army march by, as they were crossing the Potomac, gives the folling account of the rebel army:

There were two *corps d'armee*—that of Longstreet and Stonewall Jackson; they marched in two solid columns over the bridges, and were about fifteen hours in passing. This gentleman counted the numbers in a given time, and then made a rough estimate of the whole force; his reckoning would show those corps alone numbering close upon 60,000.

He had heard the usual accounts of the costume, appearance and condition of the rebel army, and like most of us, supposed them exaggerations. But he now says that no descriptions he has seen approaches the truth. There never was beheld such a gang of ragged, rowdy looking men. It was like an army of rag-pickers. There was no uniform or attempt at uniform. Officers and men were equally dirty and dingy. The hats were commonly old "wide-awakes," stained by a long campaign, often with the tops gone and the hair streaming out. The trowsers were of all colors, and generally in tatters up to the knees. The coats, if they had any, were dirty and ragged, and often well-greased by the piece of bacon which each man carried on his bayonet. The shirts were black with long use. One officer told our informant that he had not been able to change his shirt for six weeks. Their blankets were of all colors and materials—often bits of carpeting and old bed-comforters. Nearly one-half of the men were barefooted. They carried their crackers, and bullets, and caps, all together in their pockets. Both officers and men were excessively lousy, and the stench from the passing columns was almost unbearable.

As they marched by, our men were surprised at first at the great number of field officers, riding in the lines, and then at the small numbers gathered around the flags. Their first theory was that these were sections of regiments, each with a separate flag. But they soon discovered that they were *bona fide* regiments, numbering from 150 to 300 men with their own banners and mounted officers. Many of these regiments, they were informed, had numbered 1,000 and 1,100 men. Their method of treating their sick and wounded would account for much of this diminution. After each regiment followed some half-dozen men with stretchers, and whenever a man fell out of the ranks from sickness, he was taken at once to the nearest house, and left there to the mercies of the country people. So with those wounded or operated on in battle. They were never carried with the army. The men were by no means in good spirits. They told our informant that they had been constantly walking since the battles before Richmond, and with very little to eat. They reproached Jackson with working them too hard. There was no enthusiasm shown by any of them, and the North Carolinians and the Irish were particularly lukewarm. The Virginians alone expressed some bitterness, on account of the ravages which their state has suffered. They evidently felt the deepest disappointment at their reception in Maryland. With regard to the future prospects of the war, their great hope and sustaining assurance was that the two new levies, by volunteering and drafting, could not possibly be raised at the North. We had come, they believed, to the end of our power.

The whole rebel army had, to the eyes of this medical gentleman and his associates, a worn-out, exhausted look. The *physique* was inferior to that of our men, and they evidently suffered from want of food and overwork. Even the horses looked wretchedly.

With such testimony as this, from persons accustomed especially to judge of the physical condition of men, what may not be believed of the present condition of the rebel army?

Men can fight on empty stomachs and endure long and harassing marches, where victory and plunder reward them. But now to retrace their weary steps over a desolated country, under the consciousness of defeat and disaster, and with an active enemy behind them, must have a most discouraging effect upon them. They want rest and food. This is precisely what we should not allow them. Energy now on our part is worth all to us. An incessant, vigorous attack from our forces, might go far to break up and utterly demoralize the rebel army. Hesitation now, slow movements, any Corinth or Richmond operation with spade and pick-axe, will surely give the enemy time to recuperate, and destroy all the advantages of this successful campaign.

A CHAPLAIN'S VIEW OF THE EVILS OF DRUNKENNESS IN THE ARMY.—The Rev. C. H. Bulkley, Chaplain to the 1st Regiment, Sickles Brigade, who went through the campaign on the Peninsula, in a recent sermon defined patriotism, spoke of our national pride, contrasted the North with the South, complimented Kossuth and Garibaldi, alluded to our recent reverses, and traced their cause to our lack of trust in God. He then proceeded to speak of the prevalence of intemperance in the army. He said: "Drunkenness prevails very much. At the battle of Fair Oaks a distinguished General of Division was so much under the influence of intoxicating drink as to be observed by all. His Adjutant-General, too, was so overcome that, believing him to be wounded, he was placed on a stretcher and carried to the rear, but when the surgeon examined him he was beastly drunk. His young Aide-de-Camp, too, who was previously unused to it, was so drunk as to be unable to sit on his horse, and (said the preacher) I saw him.

THE LOSS AT ANTIETAM.—Medical Inspector Muzzy has just returned from the field of battle on the Antietam, and gives some estimates of the Federal loss there, which are probably much more reliable than any yet made public. He places our loss at about fifteen hundred killed, and nearly, if not quite, seven thousand wounded. The number of rebel wounded left upon the field, he estimates at from three to four thousand, and their entire loss at from four to five thousand killed, and over twelve thousand wounded. It is understood that Surgeon General Hammond, who also returned from the field to-day, makes very nearly the same estimates.

MRS. LINCOLN got alarmed recently about the danger her husband incurred in his rides to and from the Soldiers' Home. So she procured a Presidental guard of two soldiers with loaded blunderbusses, and in this rustic style "Old Abe" drove up to General Halleck's headquarters. Such a style of retinue astonished the General, and a suitable cavalry escort was at once provided and now accompanies the "Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy."—*Exchange Paper.*

SINGULAR CASE OF DEATH.—Dr. George B. Boundy, of Boston, died a few days ago from hemorrage caused by drawing a tooth. It is supposed that an artery was severed.

NEWS ITEMS.

ELEVEN counties in Ohio have raised their quotas.

MAJOR GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER, United States Volunteers, has been appointed a Brigadier-General in the regular army, by the President, as an official recognition of his valuable services. General Hooker is a native of Massachusetts, and is one of our ablest field-marshals. He commanded a corps d'armee at the battle of Antietam, and was severely wounded in the right foot.

GOVERNOR BOUTWELL, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, has decided that physicians, surgeons and dentists require but one license under the Excise law, to practice either one or all branches of the medical profession.

INFORMATION has been received from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, stating that the difficulties with the Chippewas, in Minnesota, had been adjusted, but he is fearful that the troubles with the Sioux, in the same state, have just commenced, and will be of long continuance.

GEN. PRINCE and other officers, who were recently captured from the late army of Gen. Pope, have been released by the rebels.

WIDOWS and other heirs of deceased soldiers who are entitled to the $100 bounty granted by the Act of July 22, 1862, should know that in order to obtain it, they must make a written application for it to the Hon. E. B. French, Second Auditor of the Treasury.

ENGLISH FEELING TOWARD THE UNITED STATES.—An English correspondent says that the only men of high rank who wish well for the Northern cause are the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Argyle. The talk in the clubs is all one way, and that against the North. "The bystanders," we are told, "are assured that the North only desires to get possession of the plantations to work the niggers for their own profit."

OLD ABE'S LAST.—Somebody—some inquisitive Yankee, likely as not—asked the President "What number of men have the enemy in the field?" "Old Abe" looked serious, and replied—"Twelve hundred thousand, according to the best authority." The interrogator blanched in the face and ejaculated, "My God!" The President continued:—"Yes, sir, twelve hundred thousand—no doubt of it. You see, all of our Generals, when they get whipped, say the enemy outnumbers them from three to five to one, and I must believe them. We have four hundred thousand men in the field, three times four make twelve. Don't you see it?" "Can't see it," said the bore, as he brightened up and started for his hat.

THE NATIONAL DEBT.—Hon. Thaddeus Stevens was re-nominated for Congress in Pennsylvania, a few days ago, when, in a speech, he stated that the national debt is now two thousand million dollars. Mr. Stevens is chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and ought to know something of the debt. The loss of men from the loyal states, he says, has been two hundred thousand.

LINT A HUMBUG.—A writer in the Boston Post says of lint:—Every ounce of lint sent to the army does mischief. It's only use is to cover up the blunders of bad surgery. It is seldom used by the best surgeons here. In the army it is crowded into the wounds by men who know no other way to stop hemorrage, and there it remains till it becomes filled with filth and maggots. It retains the discharges till they putrefy, and produce intolerable stench. The termination of its work is the death of the patient.

POINDEXTER'S ESCAPE.—Information reached St. Louis by the North Missouri train, on September 18, that the guerilla chief, Poindexter, escaped from Hudson Thursday morning. The News says to some it is not a matter of surprise. It was feared "that a way would be made for his escape," and it is now reported that the officers in charge of him took the irons off him, and sent him on some pretext with two guards, upon whom he played the "played out" trick of throwing red pepper in their eyes, and ran off. This is the whole story in a few words.

MANUFACTURING FRESH WATER AT FORT PULASKI.—All the water used by the Union forces (the Forty-eighth New York regiment) at Fort Pulaski, Georgia, is condensed from steam generated from the salt sea water, by Frederick Gilmore, from Paterson, New Jersey. When the need of water was felt, Gilmore constructed a condenser inside the fort. The condensing machine manufacturing 4,500 gallons per day, more than is consumed by the troops. This makes good drinking water, and is used for all ordinary purposes. Before the erection of these works, all the water had to be brought down in vessels from Beaufort and Bay Point. Mr. Gilmore is now chief Superintendent of the entire concern.

THE DUNKARDS.—It deserves to be stated that the section of Upper Maryland over which this fierce tide of war is now rolling, is densely populated, and in the immediate theatre of these battles are the homes of very many peaceful Dunkards, a quiet order, whose fertile fields and large farm buildings tell of peaceful agriculture, and whose love of quiet and peace was thus fiercely invaded by the storm of shot and shell, and the dread spectacle of garments rolled in blood. They are non-combatants, and only small slave-holders.

A MINSTREL OFF TO THE WAR.—W. H. C. Hosmer, the poet of Avon, has joined Barnes's rifle battery. Mr. Hosmer has a son in the army, another in the navy, and none to leave behind him at home. His youngest, a promising boy of fifteen, was recently drowned in the Susquehanna, and the sorrow-stricken father now goes to the field, hoping to find there in scenes of activity that oblivion for sorrow that a quiet home in the valley of the Genessee will not afford. He is not, however, a stranger to lead and steel, for he was for a time in the Florida war.

A MAN WHO HAD NOT HEARD OF THE WAR.—A lumberman from up the Yazoo river, Miss., recently came on board the U. S. gunboat Benton, who had never heard of the secession troubles. He had been in the gum swamps for four years; during a large portion of the time he had not seen a single human being. When he met our gunboats and heard of the war he was much astonished, as may well be supposed. He was on his way to Vicksburg to sell his lumber. Barnum should exhibit him.

THE demand for the new postal currency is still far beyond the power of the government to supply, but the public may rest assured that it is doing the best it can to furnish the amount required for the general circulation of the country.

IMPORTANT discoveries are said to have been made in England to enable jute to be used to a great extent as a substitute for cotton. The article has advanced nearly fifty per cent. since the first of the month, and the market was greatly excited. Hemp is also considerably higher.

SERIOUS disturbances had occurred at Presnitz, Moravia, owing to the stoppage of the cotton factories. The riots continued three days, when they were stopped by the military.

IT is stated that the Queen of England has formally demanded the hand of the Princess Alexandra, of Denmark, for the Prince of Wales.

THE Registrar General of Scotland suggests that diptheria is the appearance in the human subject of the murrain in cattle, and says that diptheria in children has been produced by partaking of the milk of cows thus affected.

SHARPSBURG AFTER THE GREAT BATTLE.

A correspondent of the *Press* says:

I was fortunate enough to be with the advance of our troops entering Sharpsburg, and it presented the most sorry sight imaginable. It is a town of about 1,200 inhabitants, and has four churches—one a German Reformed, a Methodist, a Lutheran, and an Episcopal. It also has several public schools. The town formerly presented a neat and thrifty appearance, but on entering it we found it was quite the reverse. Scarcely a house but had been in some manner partly demolished by shot or shell, and a number of others and barns were burned to the ground. During the whole of the battle on Wednesday the town was in direct range of our fire, and it was the recipient of many of our deadly missiles.

As soon as our troops had entered, the people came out of their houses and cellars, like rats out of a hole. They presented the most sorry sight imaginable. At the commencement of the fight on Wednesday, those who could not get into their friends' two or three miles out of town, hid themselves in their cellars, and continued there until our troops came into the place. Persons, as they came from the cellar, were really surprised to look at the altered condition of the houses. Oftentimes most of their roofs were knocked in, and I saw several whose gables had been completely demolished. One round shot struck the wall of the German Reformed Church, and passed through it, making a very large hole and scattering the brick and mortar all over the pulpit and seats.

Another house, occupied by Dr. Biggs, also received a considerable damage. A shell went through the window, demolishing the shutter and window glass, and exploding in the parlor, breaking the looking-glass, several chairs, and embedding its fragments in several places in the ceiling, floor, &c.

Another shell entered a one-story, rough-plastered house, and exploding, killed one rebel in the kitchen and another who was in the act of walking out of the door. Several other houses were more or less damaged, and several houses were burned, among which were Mrs. Shackelford's and Mrs. Himes's, two widow ladies; and also the house, barn, &c., of Mr. Muma. The fine stables and carriage house of Col. Miller, a staunch Union man, were also destroyed.

But the shot and shell were not the only foes the people had to contend against. Those who had a few days before entered the place under the guise that they were friends, and made the most solemn promises that they were such, and that they would religiously protect private property, falsified their professions, broke their most solemn pledges, and committed outrages upon the people, that would make any one claiming to be a soldier blush.

When the rebels first entered the town on Monday last, they set about destroying gardens and robbing hen-roosts and the trees of all their fruits. Many of the inhabitants, when the rebels entered, securely fastened their doors, and left their homes, and proceeded to their friends along the banks of the river. These houses the rebels broke open, and took all the eatables, clothing, shoes, bed-clothes, kitchen utensils, and everything that would at all be useful in camp, and appropriated them to their own use.

They entered the house of one poor woman, and took *everything* she had, with the exception of her bedstead and chairs. Several other houses they entered, and committed the same acts of vandalism. I don't believe there are a dozen chickens, hogs, and cows, put all together, in the town.

But if the people of Sharpsburg were treated badly, the farmers in the neighborhood fared worse. They were turned out of the house, then it was taken as a hospital, and all the grain on it given to the horses, and all the live stock, such as cows, hogs, &c., was driven into Virginia. Col. Miller lost $400 worth of hay alone, together with a large quantity of grain, a number of horses, &c. A Mr. Henry Piper was obliged to leave his farm, and, when his family returned, they found it completely destroyed, and their house robbed of everything, even to the apparel of the females. A large number of farmers also suffered in the same manner.

Why the rebels behaved more savagely here than in other portions of Maryland is inexplicable, unless it was because they had been deceived in the people, and that they had become so enraged that they were determined to have at least some revenge before leaving the state. Their conduct not only made the Union people ten times more bitter against them, but has also made the secession sympathizers disgusted with them, and shown to these same sympathizers the error they were in in defending such a cause and the class of people who sustain it.

DECEIVED REBELS.—There is no mistake that the rebels were egregiously mistaken in the amount of sympathy and assistance they calculated upon in Maryland. They found their Confederate notes a drug and the citizens of Frederick entirely indisposed to give them pocket-room. Colonel Gordon (editor of the Charleston Mercury) wanted to pay for some goods he had purchased in rebel notes, when the following spirited conversation transpired between him and the merchant, who refused to accept them:—

Colonel—"If you refuse to accept the money, may I ask what may be your political sentiments in regard to the present troubles?"

Merchant—"I am a Union man, sir, and always intend to remain one."

Colonel—"Indeed! Are there many people like you here?"

Merchant—"Yes, sir. We have voted on secession and this district gave three thousand majority for the Union."

Colonel—"Yes, at the point of the bayonet?"

Merchant—"No, sir—there were neither bayonets nor muskets to intimidate us. Every man was free to vote as he pleased."

Colonel—"*Then we have been most damnably deceived!*"

☞ Take care of your neighbors; don't let them stir without watching—they may do something wrong if you do. To be sure, you never knew them to do anything very bad, but it may be on your account that they have not; perhaps if it had not been for your kind care, they might have disgraced themselves and families a long time ago. Therefore don't relax any effort to keep them where they ought to be. Never mind your own business—that will take care of itself!

☞ It is a historic fact that in the great contest in the early stage of the French Revolution, France was beaten in all parts of Europe, until her rulers laid down the law that Generals should be furnished with all they wanted, and then should be held responsible with their heads for the safety and success of their armies. And then France defied all Europe, and was master of the situation.

☞ CARLYLE ON NON-INTERVENTION.—Thomas Carlyle lately made the following characteristic utterance with reference to the American war: "It is," said he, "the dirtiest chimney that's been afire this century, and the best way is *to let it burn itself out.*"

GYMNASTIC COSTUME FOR LADIES.

Dr. Lewis, in his new work, "The Gymnastic," gives the following hints as to the proper costumes for ladies to wear in performing gymnastic exercises:—

The most essential feature of the dress is perfect liberty about the waist and shoulders. The female costume may be ever so short, if the waist or shoulders be trammelled, the exertions will serve no good purpose. If the arms can be thrust perpendicularly upward without throwing a quarter of an ounce on the dress, the most vital point has been secured. It is made very loose about the head and shoulders, worn without hoops, but with a thin skirt as near the color of the dress as possible, and only stiff enough to keep the outside skirt from hanging closely to the legs. This skirt should be fastened to the belt of the dress so that it will not hang below the dress when the arms are raised.

The present style of Garibaldi waist is very beautiful. It is particularly appropriate for gymnastics; as it allows the freest action of the arms and shoulders. But to permit this waist to fall over the belt, which is its peculiar feature, the belt is usually made tight enough to keep it in position. This is wrong. Buttons should be placed on the inside of the belt, the same as on gentlemen's pants for suspenders, and the same kind of suspenders should be worn. In this way the belt may be very loose, and yet, being supported over the shoulders, it will remain in its proper position.

☞ "A duck of a woman"—the heroine of the new English novel, "Abel Drake's Wife."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There is more inquiry for flour; the demand is chiefly for the better grades, which are fully 25c ₱ bbl better, with sales of 12,000 bbls, including extra family at $5,75@6,37½ ₱ bbl, mostly at $6 for good Ohio; fine flour at $4,50; superfine at $3@5,25, the latter for better brands; $5,50@5,75 for extra, and about 4000 bbls City Mills extra and extra family taken on terms kept private. The stocks and receipts continue very light, and the trade are buying more freely within the above range of prices for superfine and extra, and from $6,50 to 7,25 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye flour is scarce, and selling in a small way on arrival at $3,50@3,62½. City Mills is worth $3,75 ₱ bbl. Corn meal is quiet, with small receipts and sales of Pennsylvania at $3,12½ ₱ bbl.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and Wheat is in good request at fully former rates, the market closing rather better for prime lots, which are scarce. Sales reach about 55,000 bushels at 125@131c for Western and Pennsylvania reds, mostly at 130c, in store, 131@133c for Pennsylvania and Southern afloat, the latter for prime, and 133@138c for common to good and choice white. Rye is steady, with small receipts, and sales of new and old Southern Pennsylvania at 65@73c. Corn is scarce, and bringing higher prices, some 26,000 bushels having been taken at 68@70c, closing at the latter rate for prime yellow. Fair white sold at 67c. Oats are also better, and very scarce, with sales of new Southern at 35@38c; Pennsylvania at 37@40c, as in quality, and old at 58@60c. Barley and Malt are quiet, and but little coming forward as yet.

PROVISIONS are firmer, and rather more active, with a reduced stock of all kinds to operate in. Mess Pork is selling in a small way at $12@12¼, and Mess Beef at $12@15 for country and city packed. Bacon is in good demand, bagged Hams selling at 10@13c for plain and fancy cured, Shoulders at 6c, and Sides at 6½@7c, cash and short time. Green Meats are held firmly, with small sales of Hams in salt at 8@8½c, and 150 casks Shoulders at 5c. Lard is quiet; bbls and tcs are quoted at 9½@9¾c, and kegs at 9¾@10c, and but little offering or selling. Butter meets with a fair inquiry at 9@12c for packed, 14@15c for choice dairy do, and 12@14c for Roll. Cheese is scarce, and in demand at 8@9c. Eggs are steady at 15c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The demand has improved, about 380 bales found buyers at 51@53c, cash, the latter for good middlings, including 151 bales 8c. Domingo at the lowest figures and 30 bales wet sold by auction at 23@24c.

ASHES—continue firm, with small sales of both kinds.

BARK—Quercitron comes in slowly, and 1st No 1 finds ready sale at $32 ₱ ton. Of Tanners' Bark the sales are moderate, and mostly at about $13 ₱ cord for Chestnut Oak.

BEESWAX is steady at 37@38c ₱ lb.

COAL—There is a good demand, both for shipment and home use, at fully former rates, the tendency being upward; orders are coming in freely from the East.

COFFEE is ¼@½c better, but the want of stock limits operations, and only some 850 bags have been disposed of at 21½@23½c for Rio, and 23@24c for Laguayra, cash and on time. About 500 bags musty Rio, sold by auction at 20½@22c, cash. There is little or no good quality here.

COPPER is dull, and the sales mostly confined to yellow metal at 24c, 6 months.

FEATHERS are dull, but with rather more doing, at 40@42c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Green fruit is plenty and dull, Peaches selling at 30@75c ₱ basket, and Apples at $1@1,50 ₱ bbl.

HAY is better, and good Timothy is selling at 70@80c ₱ 100 lbs.

HEMP—There has been some excitement in the market at the East, owing to the advices from abroad, and prices are better. The stock here, however, is nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS are dull and nusettled, with sales of new at 16@30c ₱ lb.

IRON—There is not much demand for Pig Metal, and some 3000 tons Anthracite found buyers at $25, on time; and $24, cash, for No 1, and $21@22 for Forge, also cash, part for future delivery. Of Manufactured the sales are large, and the market generally is active at fully former rates, fancy Iron being still very scarce.

LEAD is firm, and the stock here is held above the views of buyers.

LUMBER—There is a fair business doing in White and Yellow Pine Boards, and further sales of the latter are reported at $16 ₱ M for Yellow Sap.

MOLASSES is quiet. Only a few small sales of Cuba are reported at 26@30c, and 50 bbls New Orleans at 40c, net.

PLASTER—There is very little offering, and soft is wanted at $3 ₱ ton.

RICE—There is very little offering, and East India is firm at 6½@7c ₱ lb.

SEEDS come in slowly. Cloverseed is taken on arrival at $4½@5, and Timothy at $1¾@2¾ ₱ bush, and the demand is good. Flaxseed is selling at $1,30@1,90 ₱ bush, and more offering.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firm, but quiet, and the sales very small. N E Rum is steady at 47c, and Whiskey rather better, bbls selling more freely at 33@33½c, now held higher, and Drudge at 31@32c.

SUGAR—The market is more active and prices close ¼c better, with sales of about 2000 hhds to note, mostly Cuba, at 8¾@9¾c; Porto Rico at 9@9¼c, and New Orleans at 9@10¼c, on the usual terms.

TALLOW—There is not much selling, but the market is firmer, with sales of country at 9¾@10c, and city at 10¼c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—The stock is very much reduced, and the market firm and on the advance, with a limited business to note.

WOOL—Holders generally are firm in their views, and there is little or nothing doing to alter quotations.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2438 head. The prices realized were from $6,00 to 8,25 ₱ cwt. 60 Cows brought from $18 to 32 ₱ head. 3000 Sheep were sold at from $2,50 to 5,50 ₱ head. 600 Hogs sold at $5,00 to 5,50.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN. P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

☞ It is said that the Commissioner and Surgeon who sit at the Court House of Mercer county, New Jersey, to examine applications for exemption from draft, have been astonished at the great number of maladies, and the great number of people afflicted by them in that county. One man from Hopewell appeared to combine in his system nearly all the diseases in the medical calendar—at least, all that a man could have and still be alive and kicking. Having several cases of this kind, the surgeon finally inquired:—"Have you doctors in Hopewell?" "Yes, plenty of them." "How is it then that there are so many diseased among you?" "The fact is," said the afflicted man, "we have so many doctors that it is a wonder that anybody is in a fit condition to be drafted as a soldier." The surgeon, no doubt, felt that he was completely answered.

☞ "When I goes a shopping," said an old lady, "I allers ask for what I wants, and if they have it, and it's suitable, and I feel inclined to take it, and it's cheap, and it can't be got any place for less, I almost allers take it, without chaffering about it all day, as most people do."

☞ Never sit or lie down in a current of air, or remove any of the clothing after ceasing from active exercise. Instead of lightening the dress, it should be increased under these circumstances, by throwing on a cloak, cape, or shawl, even in summer. Attention to this simple rule would save many lives annually, for the most dangerous and fatal forms of disease are caused by cooling off too rapidly.

☞ Harmen was one day walking along, in his usual inebriated state, when he stepped upon a grating, which was inadvertently out of place. The result was, that Harmen and the grate disappeared beneath the sidewalk. Harmen, after picking himself up, looked around to take a survey of the place. He espied the grate, which he took hold of, with the remark, "Well, I have made a gridiron by the operation, anyhow."

☞ DID YOU EVER!—*Augustus.* "I say, Aunt! Did you see what the newspaper says about the Eclipse?" *Aunt.* "No! What does it say? read it child! anything relating to that wonderful event is interesting." *Augustus.* "Why, it says that it is expected to have an extraordinary effect upon the inferior animals! my wig! I'd have you and the girls look out for squalls!"—(*Disgusting Low-Minded Boy.*)

☞ Many a man derives all his firmness and strength from his wife; she is not only his rib but his back-bone.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. LOUIS GERHARD, to Miss AMELIA LEE, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. W. C. Best, Mr. LEWIS HAVES, to Miss WILLIE F. only daughter of the late Nicholas Stinebeck, U. S. N. both of this city.

On the 11th of Sept., 1862, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JAMES POTTER, to Miss ELLEN CONYER, both of this city.

On the 28th of Aug. by the Rev. A. B. Baldwin, Mr. THEODORE B. JACKSON, to ANNIE W. BURNS, both of this city.

On the 10th ultimo, by the Rev. T. J. Shepherd, Mr. EDWARD L. YOUNG, to Miss ALICE F. SOLLEY, both of this city.

On the 31st of Aug., 1861, by the Rev. E. C. Ambler, Mr. THOMAS J. PERKINS, to Miss HARRIET C. JENKINS, both of this city.

On the 25th of May, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. JOHN F. MCCUTCHEON, Engineer, U. S. N., to Miss RACHEL ROSENFELT, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On 4th-day, 24th ultimo, WILLIAM L. FISHER, in his 31st year.

Of yellow fever, on the 3d ultimo, at Key West, while in charge of the U. S. Hospital, at that port, DAVID T. LEWIS, M. D. in his 43d year.

On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. ELIZA, wife of Robert Looney.

On 3d-day, 9th mo., 23d ultimo, MARY, widow of the late Anthony Taylor, in her 83d year.

On the 23d ultimo, KEZIAH S. METZ, wife of Robt. P. Metz.

On the 22d ultimo, DAVID H. EVANS, in his 32d year.

On the 21st ultimo, MARY, wife of Wm. Smith, in her 65th year.

On the 21st instant, MARGARET PATTERSON, wife of John Patterson, in her 28th year.

On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. SUSANNA BOLEY, in her 87th year.

On the 20th ultimo, ROBERT BERRYMENT, in his 50th year.

On the 19th ultimo, Mr. JOHN S. COOK, in his 34th year.

On the 18th ultimo, GEORGE ELLIS, in his 48th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, September 27, 1862.

Alabama	5 dis.	Missouri	3 dis.
Canada	¼ par	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	1 dis.	New Jersey par to	1 dis.
Florida	— dis.	N. Y. City	1 dis.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	1 dis.
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Kansas	—	Pennsylvania par to	1 dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
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[Signed] JOHN PUDNEY, Springfield, Union Co., N. J.
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Wit and Humor.

"DER SMALL POX."

The writer sat alongside the driver one morning, just at break of day, as the stage drove out of Blackberry; he was a through passenger to Squash Point. It was a very cold morning. In order to break the ice for a conversation, he praised the fine points of the off horse. The driver thawed.

"Yaas, she's a good hoss, and I know how to trive him!"

It was evidently a case of mixed breed.

"Where is Wood, who used to drive this stage?"

"He bes laid up mit ter rumatiz, since yester week, and I trives for him."

I went on reading a newspaper. A fellow-passenger on a back seat, not having the fear of murdered English on his hands, coaxed the Dutch driver into a long conversation, much to the delight of a very pretty Jersey blue belle, who laughed so merrily that it was contagious; and in a few minutes, from being like unto a conventicle, we were as wide awake as one of Christy's audiences. By sunrise we were in excellent spirits, up to all sorts of fun, and when, a little later, our stage stopped at the first watering place, the driver found himself in the centre of a group of treaters to the distilled juice of apples.

"Here's a package to leave at Mrs. Scudder's—the third house on the left hand side after you get into Jericho. What do you charge?" asked a man who seemed to know the driver.

"Pout a leffy," answered he.

Receiving the silver, he gathered up the reins, and put the square package in the stage-box. Just as he started the horses, he leaned his head out of the stage, and looking back to the man who gave him the bundle, shouted out the question—

"Ter fird hans on ter left hand out of Yeriko?"

The man didn't hear him, but the driver was satisfied. On he went at a very good rate, considering how heavy the roads were. Another tavern, more watering, more apple-jack. Another long stretch of sand, and we were nearing Jericho.

"Any potty know der Miss Scutter haus?" asked the driver, bracing his feet on the mail-bag, which lay in front of him, and screwing his head round so as to face in.

There seemed to be a consultation going on inside the stage.

"I don't know nobody o' that name in Jericho, do you, Lishe?" asked a weather-beaten man who apparently went the same way.

"There was old Squire Gow's da'ter, she's married a scudder, and moved up here some two years back. Come to think on't, guess she lives nigher to Glasshouse," answered Lishe.

The driver finding he could get no light out of the passengers, seeing a tall, raw-boned woman washing some clothes in front of a house, and who flew out of sight as the stage flew in, handed me the reins as he jumped from his seat, and chased the fugitive, hallooing—

"I'fe got der small pox; I'fe got der——"

Here his voice was lost as he dashed into the open door of the house. But in a minute he reappeared, followed by a broom, with an enraged woman annexed, and a loud voice shouting out—

"You git out o' this! Clear yourself quicker. I ain't going to have you diseasing honest folk, if you have the small pox!"

"I dells you I'fe got der small pox. Ton't you versteth?—der small pox!" This time he shouted it out in capital letters.

"Clear out! I'll call the men folks if you don't clear!" and at once shouted in a tip-top voice, "Ike—you Ike! Where are you?"

Ike made his appearance on the full run.

"I dell you onst more, for der last dime—I'fe got de small pox, und Misther Ellis he gifs me a leffy to give der small pox to Miss Scutter, und if dat vrow is Miss Scutter, I promised to gif her der small pox."

It was Miss Scutter; and I explained to her that it was a box he had for her. The affair was soon settled as regarded delivery; but not as regarded the laughter and shouts of the occupants of the old stage-coach, as we rolled away from Jericho. The driver joined in, although he had no earthly idea as to its cause; and added not a little to it, by saying, in a triumphant tone of voice—

"I vas pound to gif ter old womans ter small pox."

A COLLEGE ANECDOTE.

A correspondent of the Troy Whig, writing from Middlebury, Vt., gets off the following good burlesque of the shallow metaphysics and mummery of most modern colleges:—

You have published the anecdote of a College student who kept a barrel of ale in his room for the benefit of his health, and who thought it much improved from the ease with which he could lift the barrel in comparison with that operation on his first using the medicine; there is another anecdote of the same person which has not appeared in print. It was the custom at the college where this gentleman attended, for the professors to put to the class miscellaneous questions, which they were expected to answer off hand. On one of these occasions the professor turned to our hero and asked him the following:

"To which, sir, does the united voice of all antiquity ascribe the seniority, poetry or prose?"

The student rose with the utmost gravity, and turning to the large crowd assembled, said:

"Gentlemen, the learned professor asks me, to which does the united voice of all antiquity ascribe the seniority, poetry or prose? I would say in answer to the question, to which does the voice of all antiquity ascribe the seniority,—poetry or prose, that I have not the remotest idea to which it *does* ascribe the seniority, and furthermore I don't care a straw."

The student took his seat, amid, not the laughter, but wild demoniacal shrieks of the class. Even the sober professor could not restrain himself. But discipline must be enforced, and our hero was summoned to appear before the President. As he was not unused to summonses of that nature, he sauntered leisurely to the executive mansion and confronted the Head of the Faculty. This awful personage charged him with the crime of impertinence in the class, and asked him what he had to say for himself. The student made a long speech in exculpation, the groundwork of which was—That from his earliest years he had possessed a great love for the truth, which compelled him to speak it on all occasions. That when asked the question, to which the united voice of all antiquity ascribed the seniority, poetry or prose, he felt that he didn't know or care a straw; and such was his regard for truth, that he had to say it right out.

AN ITEM ON THE SHIRT QUESTION.—Jack Thingumbob lives by his wits—so he calls himself a literary character, although nobody ever heard him say a witty thing. Jack has a washerwoman—who hasn't? 'Tis cleanliness' shadow, and we are all clean folks. Last Saturday she came to him, bringing shreds and patches.

"Heavens!" cried he, "and do you call that my new linen shirt?"

Jack never in his life had other than cotton shirts, and they were none of the best.

"And faith I do, sure; it's the very same identical shirt your honor gave me last Monday."

"Gracious goodness, woman! what have you done to my shirt?"

"Sure, and I have done nothing but washed it, and ironed it and starched it; the truth is, yer honor, yer shirts are going."

"Call them back, good woman; woo them with new buttons, as children woo birds by putting salt on their tails."

"Och! yer honor, my manes don't permit me to put shirts to my customer's buttons."

A CASH CUSTOMER.—In an interior town in old Connecticut lives an old character named Ben Hayden. Ben has some good points; but he will run his face when and where he can, and never pay. In the same town lives Mr. Jacob Bond, who keeps the store at the corner. Ben had a score there, but to get his pay was more than Mr. B. was equal to. One day Ben made his appearance with a bag and wheelbarrow.

"Mr. Bond, I want to buy two bushels of corn, and I want to pay you the cash for it."

"Very well," says B. And so they both go up stairs, and B. puts up the corn, and Ben takes it down, while Mr. B. stops to close up his windows. When he got down he saw old Ben some distance from the door, making for home.

"Halloo, Ben! You said you wanted to pay the cash for that corn."

Old Ben sat down on one handle of his barrow, and cocking his head on one side, said—

"That's all true, Mr. B. I do want to pay you the cash for the corn, but I can't."

SHUTTING DOORS.

"Don't look so cross, Edward, when I call you back to shut the door; grand'pa feels the March wind. You have got to spend your life shutting doors, and might as well begin to learn now, Edward."

"Do forgive me, gran'pa. I ought to be ashamed. But what do you mean? I am going to college, and then I'm going to be a lawyer."

"Well, admitting all that, I imagine 'Squire Edward Carter' will have a good many doors to shut, if he ever makes much of a man."

"What kind of doors? Do tell me, grand'pa."

"Sit down a minute, and I'll give you a list.

"In the first place, the *door of your ears* must be closed against the bad language and evil counsel of the boys and young men you will meet at school and college, or you will be undone. Let them once get possession of that door, and I would not give much for Edward Carter's future prospects.

"The *door of your eyes*, too, must be shut against bad books, idle novels, and low, wicked newspapers, or your studies will be neglected, and you will grow up a useless, ignorant man. You will have to close them sometimes against the fine things exposed for sale in the store windows, or you will never learn to lay up money, or have any left to give away.

"The *door of your lips* will need especial care; for they guard an unruly member, which makes great use of the bad company let in at the door of the eyes and ears. That door is very apt to blow open, and if not constantly watched, will let out angry, trifling, or vulgar words. It will backbite sometimes worse than a March wind, if it is left open too long. I would advise you to keep it shut much of the time till you have laid up a store of knowledge, or, at least, till you have something valuable to say.

"The *inner door of your heart* must be well shut against temptation; for conscience, the doorkeeper, grows very indifferent if you disregard her call, and sometimes drops asleep at her post; and when you may think you are doing very well, you are fast going down to ruin.

"If you carefully guard the outside doors of the eyes and ears and lips, you will keep out many cold blasts of sin—which get in before you think.

"This 'shutting doors,' you see, Eddie, will be a serious business—one on which your well-doing in this life and the next depends."

☞ The girls are taking to rowing of late. The female sex were always fond of "putting in their oar."

AUNT LAURA (ending her story).—"And then the great cruel wolf, after having devoured Grandmamma, gnashed its horrid teeth and swallowed up Little Red Ridinghood!!!"

KITTY.—"And what became of the cheesecakes?"

NEW METHOD OF RAISING MONEY.

We have heard the following story related by one who fully believed in its truth. Our neighbor, the Congregationalist, seems to have an equal confidence, and we copy from its columns:—

A strange story is related concerning Rev. Ivory Hovey, who was settled in "Manomet Ponds," April 18, 1780, and continued pastor of this ancient church until Nov. 4, 1803, when, as their records say, "Mr. Hovey died, aged 89 years, to the great grief of his people."

His grandfather, who resided in England, was in moderate circumstances, but he loved the Saviour, and had an earnest desire that a son whom God had given him should become a minister of the Gospel. Such, however, were his limited means, that he could not educate his son for the sacred office. In those days of solicitude he is said to have been assured in a dream that a grandson should enter the ministry and labor for his Master.

It chanced that on the occasion of building a barn, he sent his son, the father of Rev. Ivory Hovey, to the nearest village, to purchase nails. While returning home, as he was riding on horseback through a piece of wood, his saddle-bags being pretty well stored with nails, he was met by a highwayman who ordered him to deliver up his saddle-bags of money.

Mr. Hovey determined that some pains should be taken by this unwelcome intruder, and hastily threw the supposed treasure over the hedge which bordered the roadside. The robber sprang from his horse to secure the prize, when Mr. Hovey, leaving his own more tardy animal, sprang into the empty saddle, and drove homeward.

The highwayman called loudly for Mr. Hovey to stop, declaring "he was only in jest;" but the latter, replying, "*I am in earnest*," drove forward, and on arriving home, found the saddle-bags of his new-found horse well filled with "filthy lucre."

This God-sent treasure was preserved with much care, and with it Rev. Ivory Hovey was educated for the ministry.

INFLUENCE OF SENSIBLE WOMEN.

It is a wondrous advantage to a man, in every pursuit or avocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact, and a plain soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sensitive regard for your character, honor, repute. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman-friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She, therefore, seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing. By female friendships I mean pure friendships—those in which there is no admixture of the passion of love, except in the married state. A man's best friend is a wife of good sense and good heart, whom he loves and who loves him. If he have that, he need not seek elsewhere. But supposing the man to be without such a helpmate, female friendships he must still have, or his intellect will be without a garden, and there will be many an unheeded gap even in the strongest fence. Better and safer, of course, such friendships where disparities of years or circumstances put the idea of love out of the question. Middle life has rarely this advantage: youth and old age have. We may have female friendships with those much older than ourselves. Molière's old housekeeper was a great help to his genius; and Montaigne's philosophy takes both a gentler and loftier character of wisdom from the date in which he finds, in Marie de Gournay, an adopted daughter, "certainly beloved by me," says the Horace of essayists, "with more than paternal love, and involved in my solitude and retirement, as one of the best parts of my being." Female friendship, indeed, is to a man "*præsidium et dulce decus*"—bulwark, sweetener, ornament of his existence. To his mental culture it is invaluable; without it all his knowledge of books will never give him knowledge of the world.—*Bulwer.*

☞ Beauty is a stronger and surer wooer than loving words; so it is that women woo us more than we do them.

☞ The gentleman who has been trying to raise the wind finds himself "blown" all over town.

☞ The time when the wind is most destructive to forests is when it is chopping round.

A GOOD EXERCISE.

Several months ago, in visiting the school of Mr. Marsh, in New London, we witnessed a brief exercise which might very profitably be introduced into all our schools, and that without any interference with the regular lessons. It was a simple lesson, intended to train the eye and judgment in estimating distance or length. The plan was somewhat as follows:—A class of ten or twelve boys was called to the blackboard, when directions were given to draw a line 6 inches long; a line 2 feet long; a line 3 feet long; a figure 1 foot long and 8 inches wide; a circle 6 inches in diameter; a line 1 yard long, divided into feet and inches, etc. After each was done, the teacher passed along with a measuring tape or stick, and tested each. The pupils had had some practice in such exercises, and they performed them with a surprising degree of promptness and accuracy. They had gained habits of observation and comparison. Not more than five minutes at a time need be taken at the board, but it will be found that the pupils will be induced to spend many minutes, that would otherwise be misimproved, in practicing upon their slates. Teacher, try it. The exercise will afford relief from the severer studies of the school, and give a pleasant variety.—*Conn. Com. School Journal.*

Agricultural.

Encouragement for Husbandmen.

For many years there have not been so great inducements for farmers all over the country to put forth their best efforts to produce largely of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, and other stock, and grain and vegetables as at present. The war in which the country is engaged, and which may, for anything that can now be seen to the contrary, continue for one, two, or five years, has created an extra demand for horses, mules, beef, pork, and wool, and taken from the farming districts many young men heretofore actively engaged in producing them.

The stock on hand of these products of the farm was very large when the rebellion broke out, and consequently prices have not as yet been very much increased in the northern and western states. The foreign demand for grain increases from year to year, and it will probably be a long while before Europe will be able to produce enough to feed its people. The United States will be looked to to feed the hungry poor of England, Ireland and Scotland.

Demand and supply always has and always will govern and regulate the price of the products of the earth. Speculation may step in and control for a time, but not long. The time has come when everything produced by manual labor will command a remunerative price. Husbandry will be respected according to its importance to the other industrial interests of the country and the profits derived therefrom.

The demand for horses for army and other purposes is such that the prices paid for them are from twenty-five to thirty-three per cent. higher than the same quality of horses sold for one year ago, and yet they are rising and will continue to rise so long as the supply is inadequate to the demand. Farmers who give their attention to the raising of good horses, will find it a remunerative business for the next few years. Cattle for beef, work and milk, though not materially higher than one year ago, must advance considerably in price in the year to come, or we much mistake the signs of the times.

Those who have large stocks, or who have the means to produce them, will do well to double their efforts, with a certainty of realizing large profits. Wool, and especially the coarser grades, has not been so high for many years as now, and it is still rising. We have heard the opinion expressed by intelligent gentlemen, in whose judgment in such matters we place much confidence, that should cotton continue as high as now, wool in fair lots, will bring from eighty cents to a dollar per pound within the coming year.

In these facts the farmer will not fail to see much to encourage him to greater exertions to put into the market the greatest possible amount of the products of his farm, of whatever kind, and wisdom would dictate to many who are engaged in other pursuits, the propriety of giving his best energies to the proper cultivation of the earth, with every assurance of a bountiful return.—*American Stock Journal.*

DEPTH OF SOWING WHEAT.

We have heard of an instance in England where wheat had been sown broadcast on the land, and before it could be harrowed in, rain fell and continued to fall for days, so that the seed never was covered, yet the crop did well. On the other hand, we have known seed wheat ploughed in three or four inches deep, and this also did well.

Still, the depth at which it is best to sow wheat is a matter of some importance. If all the conditions are favorable, there may be little difference in the result of covering deep or shallow, or not at all. But in the case of a very dry fall, and especially on land from which a spring crop has been removed, it is very important to bury the seed deep enough to insure moisture sufficient for its germination. Hence one advantage of sowing with the drill.

One of the editors of the Country Gentleman sowed some wheat on the 21st of last May at various depths, and carefully noted the result. That which was covered half an inch deep came up in 5 days; 1 inch deep in 6 days; 2 inches deep in 7 days; 3 inches deep in 8 days; 4 inches deep in 10 days; 6 inches deep in 13 days. Five weeks afterwards, there was no perceptible difference in that planted half an inch and an inch deep; that planted two inches deep was not quite so good; and so on decreasing in quality as the depth of planting increased. At six inches depth, there were but very few slender stalks.

In the fall of the year the ground is warmer than in May, and it is well known that the warmer the soil, other things being equal, the sooner will seed germinate. On this account we should perhaps sow a little deeper in the autumn than in the spring.

As a rule, we may conclude that the shallower grain is covered, so that a constant and adequate supply of moisture is furnished, the more rapidly will germination proceed. If wheat is sown early enough, rapid germination is not very essential, and therefore the aim should be to get the wheat well and evenly covered, even if germination is delayed a few days. In the spring, when the ground is moist and cool, wheat need not be covered more than an inch deep. In the fall it may be covered deeper, say from one to two inches—and if the ground is very dry, a little deeper.—*Genesee (N. Y.) Farmer.*

BEAUTY OF ENGLISH FARMS.

A writer says: Of the picturesque beauty of English farms it is hardly possible to speak in terms too glowing. At a distance they present the appearance of innumerable parks.

As you roam over a particular farm you are struck with the number, size and variety of the trees. The elm, some specimens of which we nurse and guard with so much care on our Common, grows in its native soil to a surpassing magnitude, and is covered with a foliage of exceeding luxuriance.

The walnut, whose fruit we import, is also a tree of immense size. We remember one in a brick yard at Bury St. Edmunds, amid the foliage of which a large house might be entirely hid in leafy June. This particular tree is said to be one of the largest trees in Europe.

The magnificent horse-chestnut is found elsewhere, of wide-spread and towering dimensions. When you first see it in full foliage, laden to the uppermost twig with its rich conical clusters of blossoms, you are filled with astonishment and admiration.

Useful Receipts.

REMOVING SUNBURN.—If our young lady friends would like to know what will take off tan and sunburn, let them take a handful of bran, pour a quart of boiling water on it, let it stand one hour, then strain. When cold put to it a pint of bay rum. Bottle and use it when needed.

TO KEEP BUTTER.—A French journal tells this story:—"In 1814, a woman of Cussy, being surprised by the Cossacks, concealed a crock of fresh butter which she did not want them to have, in a field near her house. After the departure of the foreign visitors she tried to find the exact spot in which the butter was concealed, but did not succeed, and after a while the whole matter was forgotten. Last week some workmen digging the foundations of a house came upon the pot in question, and on opening what they expected to be a treasure, discovered the butter as white and firm as when buried forty-eight years before. Since exposure to the air it has, however, acquired an extremely rank taste."

TO CONSERVE PEACHES.—Take the yellow peaches, pare them, and cut them from the stone in one piece; to 6 lbs. of peaches have 2 lbs of sugar; make a syrup of ¾ lb. of sugar, and a little water; put them in, and let them stay till they are quite clear; then take them up carefully on a dish, and set them in the sun to dry; pound the sugar fine, and strew over them, turning them over to let each part have some; do not put much on at a time, and if any syrup is made remove them to fresh dishes; when they are sufficiently dry, lay them lightly in a jar, with a little sugar between each layer.

QUINCE MARMALADE.—Pare the quinces and cut them up fine; put the parings and cores to boil; then strain them; put in the quinces, and let them boil till soft; then mash them fine, and put in ¾ lb. of sugar to 1 lb. of fruit; let them cook gently for two hours, and take them up in pint bowls; when cold, put brandy papers on the top of each, and paste them over; they will turn out whole to put on table.

MARMALADE OF MIXED FRUITS.—Pare equal quantities of peaches, apples, pears and quinces; cut them fine, and put them to boil with a pint of water to 6 lbs. of fruit; let them cook thoroughly, but do not let them burn; take them out and mash them well; clean the kettle, and put them back, with half their weight in sugar; let them cook very slowly for two hours.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 49 letters.

My 34, 2, 6, 5, 8, is a river in Germany.
My 32, 34, 47, 8, 12, 11, is a country in Europe.
My 37, 13, 49, 35, 22, 48, is a city in Russia.
My 35, 33, 34, 1, 46, 29 is a town in New York.
My 23, 17, 46, 39, is a river in Egypt.
My 31, 30, 19, 15, 30, is a river in North Carolina.
My 37, 41, 34, 41, 35, 35, 41, is a country in Barbary.
My 48, 41, 41, 26, 42, 41, 34, 26, is a county in Illinois.
My 35, 46, 21, 39, 43, 40, 39, is a town in Arkansas.
My 48, 38, 49, 37, 37, 17, 31, 49, 27, 36, 34, is a town in Maryland.
My 26, 4, 34, 7, 23, is one of the five great lakes.
My 43, 29, 15, 9, 7, 25, is a town in Virginia.
My 10, 24, 34, 16, is a county in Kentucky.
My 42, 4, 48, 18, 41, 25, is a county in Ohio.
My 47, 46, 21, 35, 47, 8, 20, is a town in Spain.
My 46, 45, 6, 12, 45, 49, 43, 45, 34, is a town in England.
My whole is the motto of every loyal patriot.

M. F. KINEHART.

Cottage Home, Frederick Co., Maryland.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in safe but not in secure,
My 2nd is in ruin but not in snow,
My 3rd is in grave but not in demure,
My 4th is in rank but not in row,
My 5th is in King but not in Queen,
My 6th is in allow but not in admit,
My 7th is in pink but not in green,
My 8th is in wren but not in tomtit.
My whole was a philosopher, more I cannot tell,
For he's so renowned you would know right well.

Cuyahoga Co., Ohio. RUBY STEWART.

CHARADE.

My whole is a word of four syllables, and designates a plant, whose root is considered a good medicine; the first syllable nicknames an Irish orator; the first and second together, a tight and spruce gentleman; and my third and fourth together, make an animal much dreaded by all.

CHARADE.

Those who are deprived of a faculty which distinguishes man from other animals, and that which wintry nights do, make a town in Scotland. What is its name?

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sum of an ascending series of numbers in arithmetical progression is 360; the square of the number next to the last one is equal to the sum of the squares of all those preceding it, and the cube of the last number is equal to the sum of the cubes of all the others. Required—the numbers? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A has 200 yards of linen, at 1s. 6d. ready money, per yard, which he barters with B, at 1s. 9d. per yard, taking buttons at 2½d. per gross, which are worth but 6d. How many gross of buttons will pay for the linen; who gets the best bargain; how much on the whole, and what per cent? R. T. M. K.

Pleasant Dale.

☞ An answer is requested.

QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If 6 time 6 is 66,
What is my age when I'm called 66,
In years (or parts) tell me my age,
Before you turn another page.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the most daring theft man can be guilty of? Ans.—Taking the chair at a public meeting.

☞ Why is a child who gets stout as he gets taller like a newspaper reporter? Ans.—Because he picks up information.

☞ What is the difference between a trick of war and a game-cock? Ans.—One is a "*ruse*" and the other is a "*rooster*."

☞ Why does a hackman think it a fine day when it rains hard? Ans.—Because he considers it fare-weather.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA—The Saturday Evening Post, may its present prosperity continue. CHARADE—Bugbear. CHARADE—Plumpudding.

PUZZLE—The solution is as follows:—

SIX	IX	XL
IX	X	L
S	I	X

Answer to MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM, by W. K. Gundy, published May 10. The Eastern eagle flies 85.875807502 miles, and overtakes the hawk in 1.7075173512 hours, when it has flown 34.150347025 miles. The Northern eagle flies 68.954900002 miles, and overtakes the hawk in 1.7238576250 hours, when it has flown 34.477152501 miles. The *curves* described are called "*Curves of Pursuit.*" I also send the answer to my MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM published August 30. The hare ran 504 rods while the dog was in pursuit, and the dog ran 756 rods to catch the hare. The curve the dog described is called "*Curve of Pursuit.*" ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

ABDUCTION BY AN OURANG-OUTANG.—A recent traveller in Borneo relates an abduction case which exceeds in novelty anything which has occurred among the fast population of our large cities. A monstrous female ourang-outang, taking a fancy to a poor Murut gentleman whom she saw bathing, dragged him by force to a tree, which she compelled him to climb, lodged him in a warm nest, watched him with feminine jealousy, fed him with fruit and palm cabbage, and forced him to travel from one branch to another instead of treading the ground. The tale is a tragedy: for the ungrateful Murut not only ran away at the first opportunity, but afterwards shot the forest syren with a poisoned arrow.